

DECEMBER

No. 8

15¢ IN CANADA

10¢

CRACK COMICS



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



MOLLY THE MODEL

**THE BLACK
CONDOR**
IN ANOTHER
DYNAMIC
ADVENTURE!





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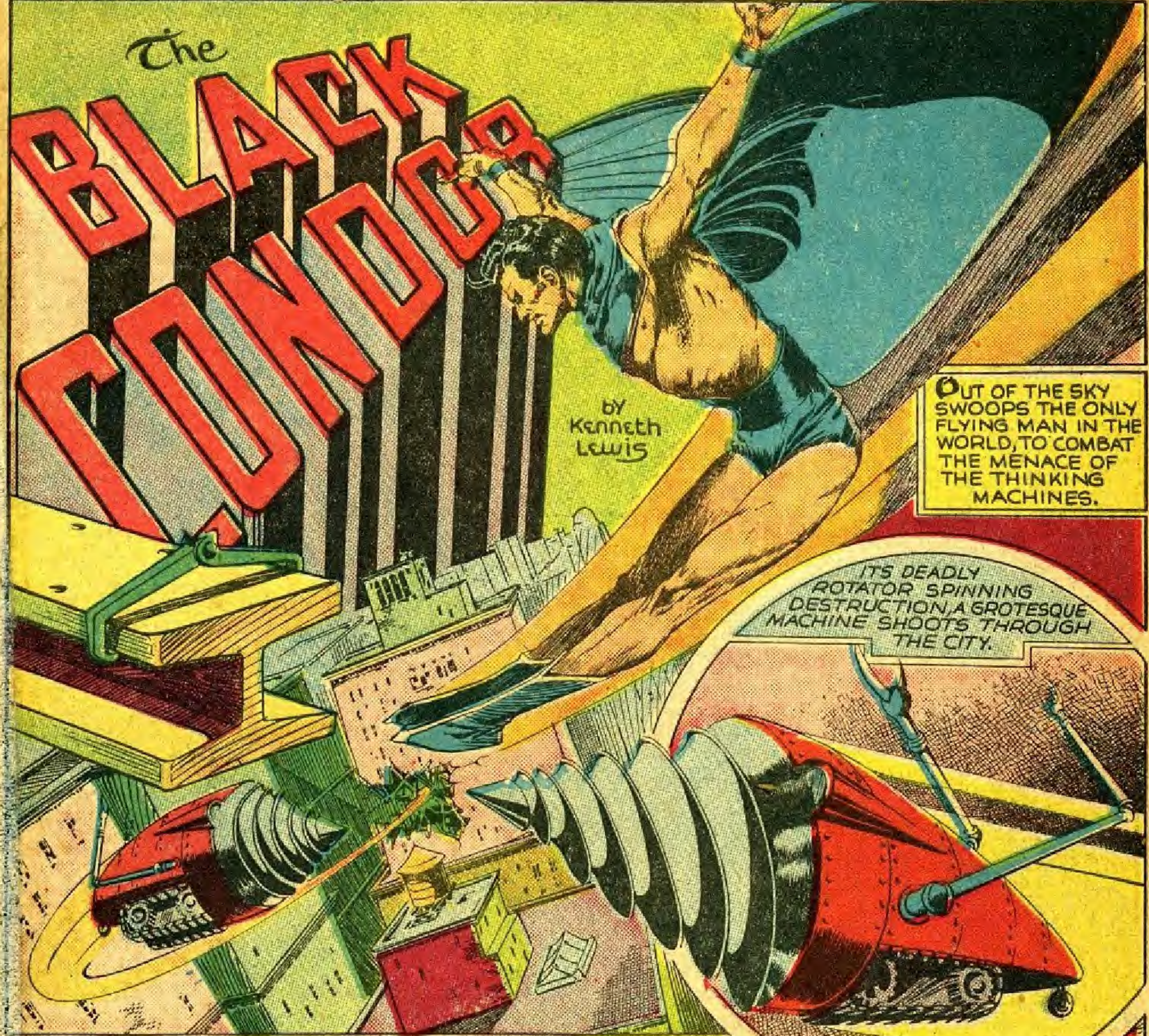
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The BLACK CONDOR

by
Kenneth
Lewis

OUT OF THE SKY
SWOOPS THE ONLY
FLYING MAN IN THE
WORLD, TO COMBAT
THE MENACE OF
THE THINKING
MACHINES.

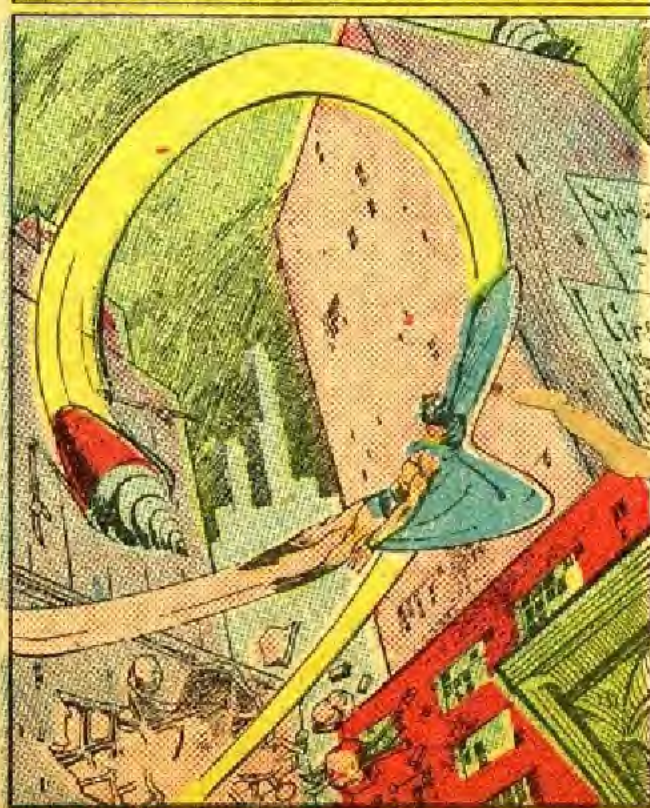
ITS DEADLY
ROTATOR SPINNING
DESTRUCTION, A GROTESQUE
MACHINE SHOOTS THROUGH
THE CITY.

THE BLACK CONDOR IS BARELY
MISSSED BY THE WHIRLING BLADES

THE MECHANICAL MONSTER
CIRCLES BACK TO ATTACK, ITS
CLAWS OUTSTRETCHED.

BUT THE CONDOR
SIDESLIPS.....

THAT WAS
CLOSE!

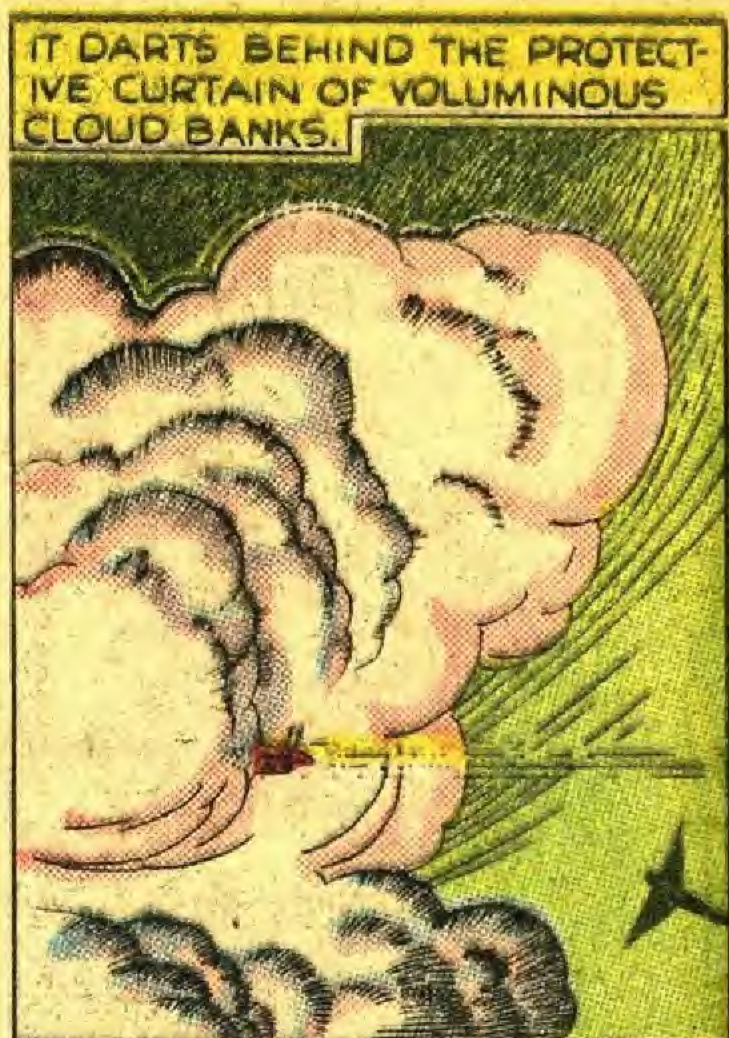




I CAN'T LET THIS DESTRUCTION GO ON...



THE BLACK CONDOR FIRES HIS DEADLY BLACK RAY, BUT THE MACHINE IS TOO FAST.



IT DARTS BEHIND THE PROTECTIVE CURTAIN OF VOLUMINOUS CLOUD BANKS.



THE BEETLE-LIKE MACHINE SWEEPS AWAY FROM THE CITY.



OVER HILLS AND PAST A DENSE FOREST IT SKIMS WITH TERRIFIC SPEED.



ITS DESTINATION IS AN OLD TUMBLDOWN FARM HOUSE WHICH SEEMS LONG IN DISUSE.



BUT BEHIND THE HOUSE A SMOOTH RUNWAY LEADS TO A SMALL HILL THAT REVEALS A SECRET ENTRANCE AS THE MACHINE APPROACHES.



INSIDE, THREE MEN WAIT.

FINE! IT RETURNED ON TIME!

YES, BUT DID IT WORK SUCCESSFULLY?



WE SHALL SOON SEE.. THIS IS MY GREAT INVENTION'S FIRST TEST! IT WILL TELL ITS OWN STORY!

HOW'S THAT, LUNG WOE?



PATIENCE, MY OCCIDENTAL FRIENDS, WHILE I EXTRICATE THIS ROLL OF FILM.



HERE IS A RECORD OF THE DEEDS OF THE "SPINNING DEATH" MACHINE!



THE MACHINE TAKES PICTURES AS IT TRAVELS... AND THEY AUTOMATICALLY ARE DEVELOPED WITHIN ITS SHELL!



AH! GREAT IS THE DESTRUCTION THE "SPINNING DEATH" HAS WROUGHT! IT IS INDEED A SUCCESS!

LET ME SEE!



MARVELOUS! WONDERFUL! LUNG WOE, MY COUNTRY IS PREPARED TO PAY HIGHLY FOR YOUR MACHINE!



HERE, GENTLEMEN, ARE THE PLANS! YOU WILL FIND THEM DIFFICULT, BUT COMPREHENSIVE. ONE THING MORE...



LET ME WARN YOU. EVEN I, THE INVENTOR, DON'T KNOW THE FULL POWER OF MY MACHINE. IT ALMOST THINKS! IT MAY TURN AGAINST YOU!



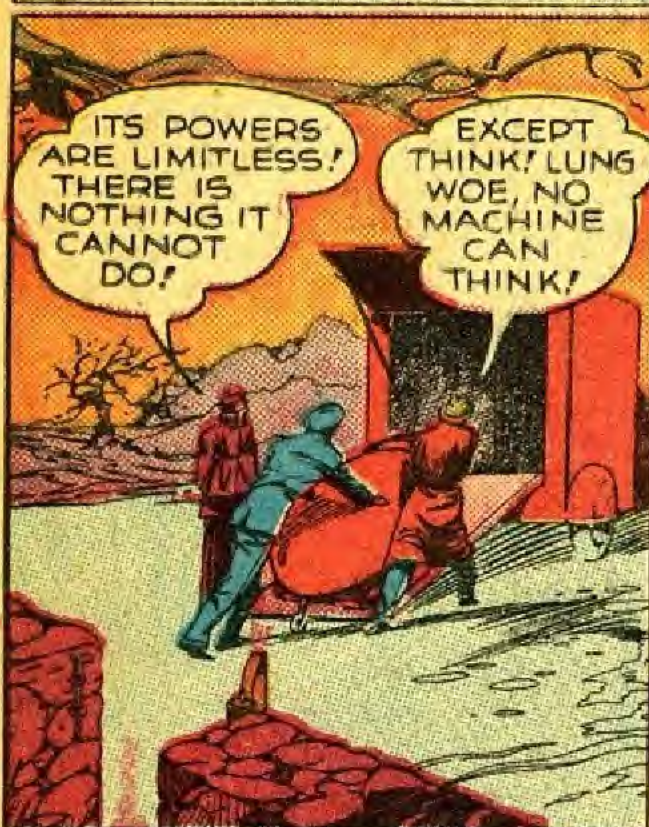
HA! YOU HAVE WORKED TOO HARD, LUNG WOE. YOUR MIND IS WEAKENING... HA-HA! A MACHINE THAT THINKS! HO!HO!HO!



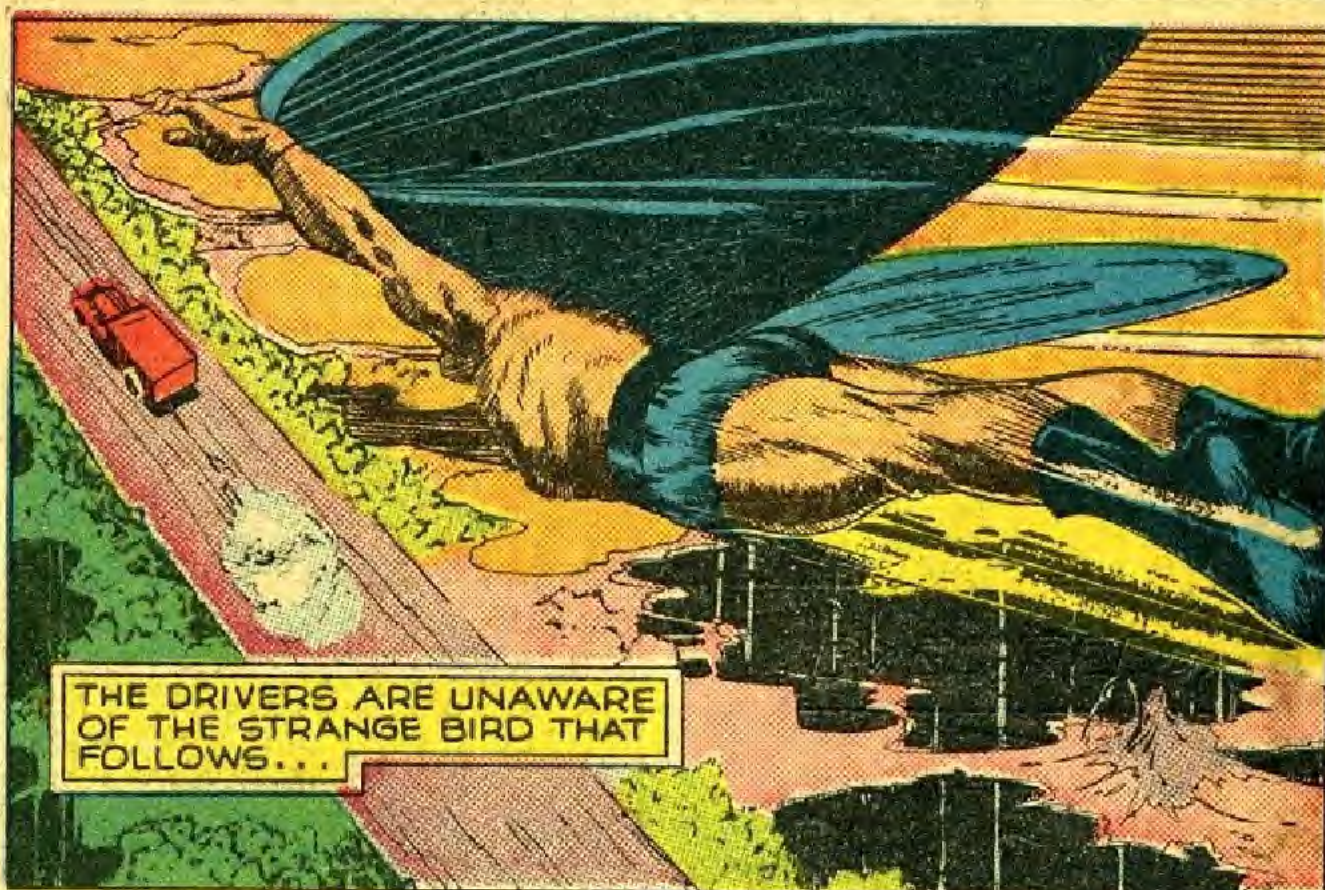
BELIEVE AS YOU WISH! THE "SPINNING DEATH" IS YOURS NOW, TO DO WITH AS YOU PLEASE!

YOU MAY BE SURE WE'LL EXPLOIT IT TO ITS GREATEST CAPACITY!

THE FOREIGN AGENTS LOAD THE MACHINE INTO A WAITING TRUCK.



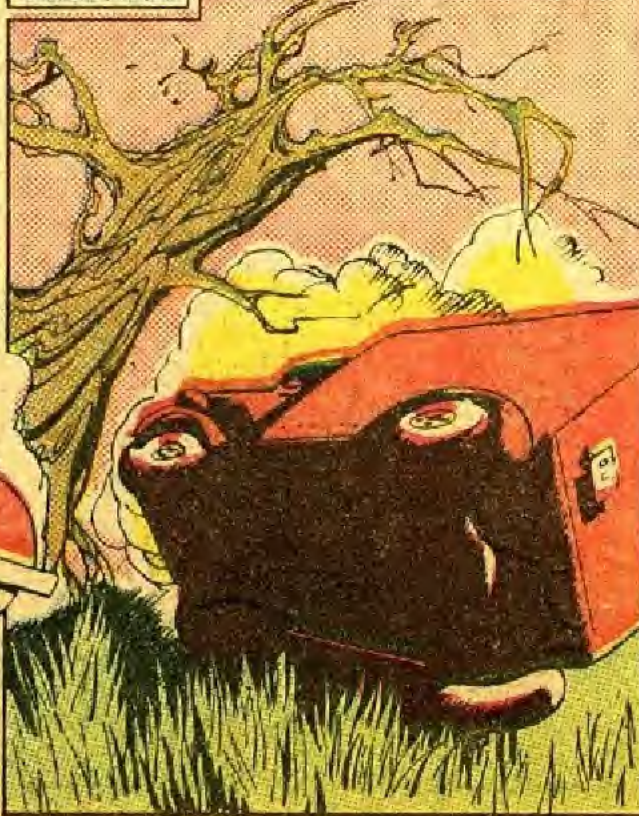
AS THE TRUCK THUNDERS ALONG THE ROAD, THE BLACK CONDOR WATCHES FROM ABOVE.



THE BLACK RAY STRIKES!!



THE TRUCK CAREENS OFF THE ROAD AND PLUNGES INTO A SWAMP.



SUDDENLY A WHIRRING SOUND IS HEARD. THE METAL SIDE TEARS OPEN AND THE "SPINNING DEATH" BREAKS THROUGH. . .





WHAT HIT US?
AND WHAT'S
MAKING ALL
THAT NOISE?



T-THE MACHINE!
I-IT'S COMING
TOWARD US!



IT'S CHASING US!
LUNG WOE WAS
RIGHT! RUN!



INTO THE DEEP
SWAMP, THE
AGENTS ARE
FLUNG..



SWIFTLY, THE BLACK CONDOR
DIVES.



BUT THE MACHINE CUTS
THROUGH A CIRCLE OF
HUGE TREES.



THE GREAT TRUNKS CRASH
TOGETHER AS THE CONDOR
SWOOPS AMONG THEM....



TRAPPED! BY
THAT DIABOLICALLY
CLEVER MONSTER!



AND MY BLACK
RAY LOST IN
THE SWAMPS!



BACK TO THE INVENTOR'S HOUSE SPEEDS THE MACHINE.

LUNG WOE WATCHES IN GROWING TERROR, AS HIS MACHINE HEADS HOMEWARD.



IT KNOWS
IT IS FREE!
THE "SPINNING
DEATH" IS
ACTING BY
ITS OWN
WILL!



IT COMES FOR
ITS OWN MAKER!



OH, WHAT EVIL
SPIRIT TOLD ME
TO INVENT THIS
MONSTER?!

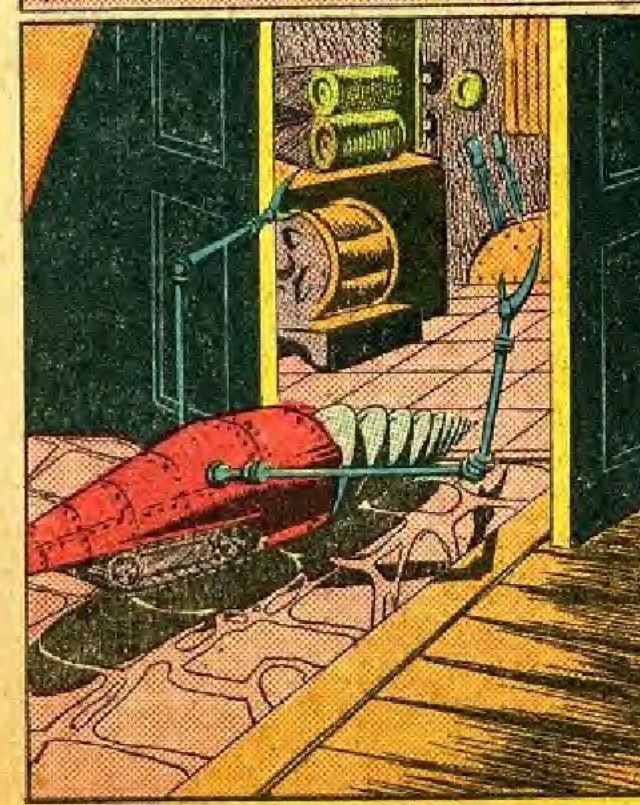


SEIZED IN ITS STEEL CLAWS,
LUNG WOE IS DRAGGED TO
THE ANCIENT WELL.



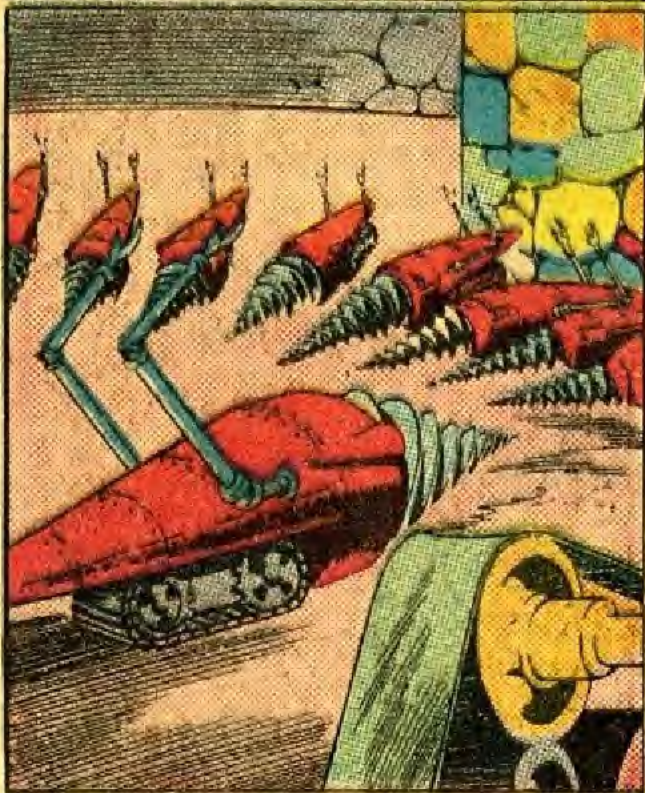
AND TOSSED IN.

BACK TO LUNG WOE'S LABORATORY HASTENS THE MACHINE WITH DEMONIC SPEED.



IT MANUFACTURES A FLEET OF
SPINNERS LIKE ITSELF.

SOON THEY STAND READY TO TAKE ORDERS FROM THE MASTER MACHINE.



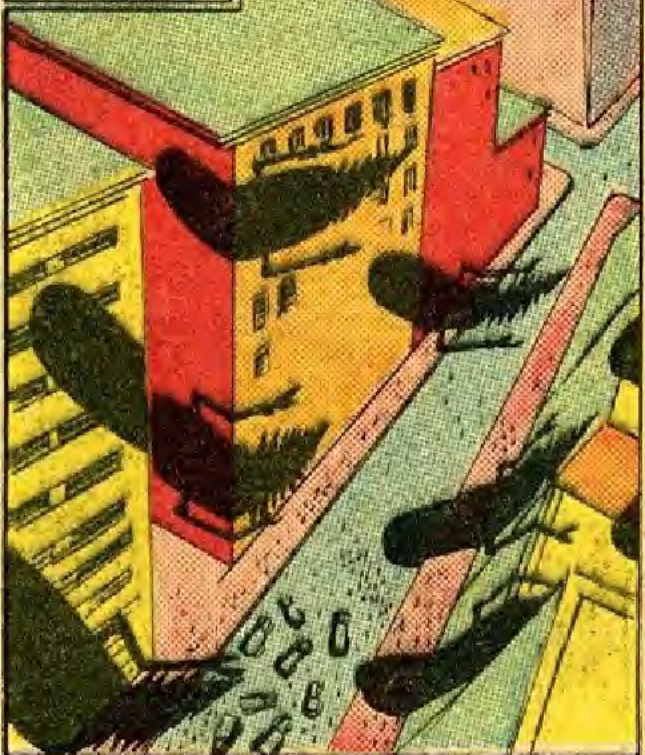
THE MONSTROUS PROCESSION MOVES ALONG THE COUNTRY ROAD...ONCE THE TOOL OF MAN, NOW BENT ON MAN'S DESTRUCTION.



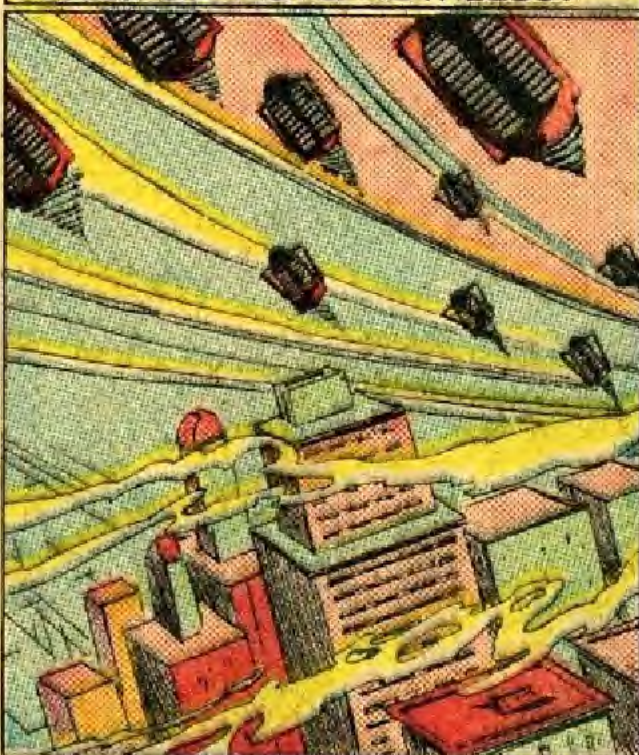
AT A SIGNAL FROM THE LEADER THEY RISE IN PERFECT FORMATION TO THE SKIES.



HORRIFIED, THE PEOPLE STAND IN AWE AT THIS STRANGE INVASION.



MACHINES THAT CAN THINK, BUT HAVE NO HEART! NO FOE COULD BE MORE RUTHLESS.



MEANWHILE, THE BLACK CONDOR IS STILL IMPRISONED IN THE SWAMP.



THE BLACK RAY!
IT HAS FLOATED
TOWARD
ME!



AT LAST I
CAN GET OUT
AND FIGHT
THAT
MACHINE!



FREE AGAIN, THE BLACK CONDOR SHOOT'S UPWARD.





HE SAILS
BACK TO
LUNG WOE'S
HOUSE.



WHAT
WAS THAT?
A CRY FROM
THE OLD
WELL!



LUNG WOE'S VOICE RISES
FEEBLY FROM THE DEPTHS.

HELP!
HELP!



THE CONDOR DROPS DOWN
THE NARROW SHAFT.

AN OLD
CHINESE!



THIS DANK HOLE IS
NOT A HEALTHY
PLACE FOR ANYONE!



HE'S TERRIBLY
WEAK, TRYING
TO SAY
SOMETHING!

THE
"SPINNING
DEATH"
MACHINE...



MUST BE
DESTROYED...
THE POINT OF
THE ROTATOR
IS THE ONLY
VULNERABLE
SPOT...!...!
..OH!



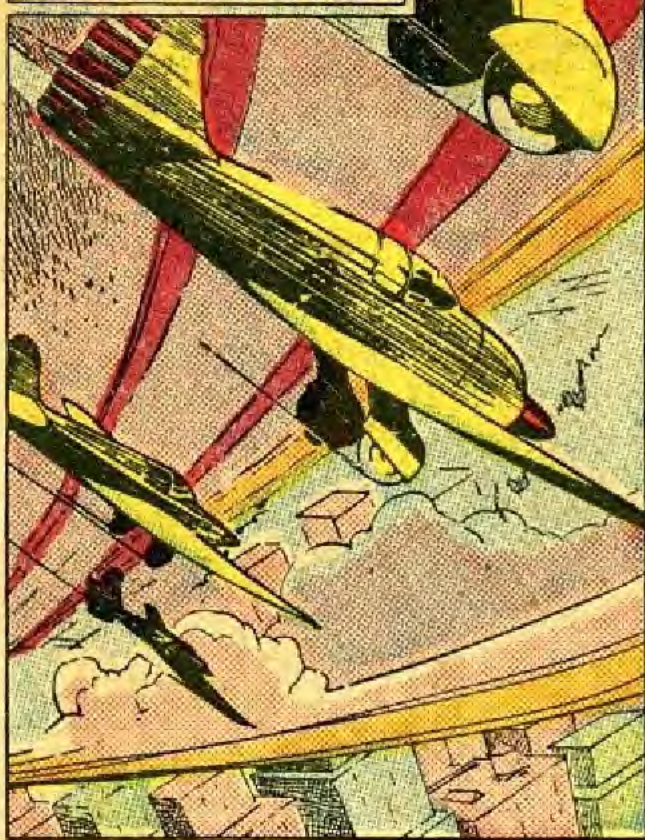
BUT I WILL
CARRY OUT HIS
LAST WISH
ALL RIGHT!

HE'S
DEAD!

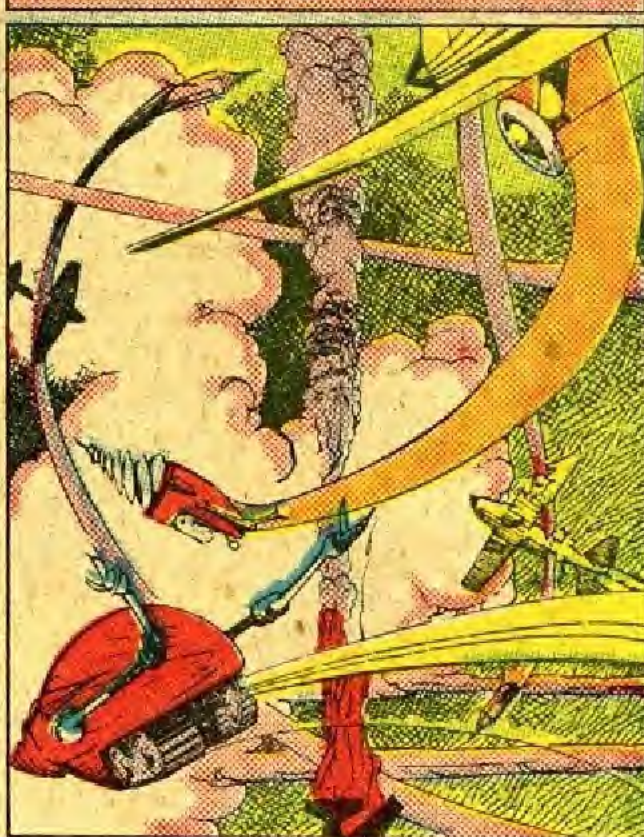


ALREADY THE CITY IS FALLING IN RUINS.
THOUSANDS DIE.. PANIC RULES.....

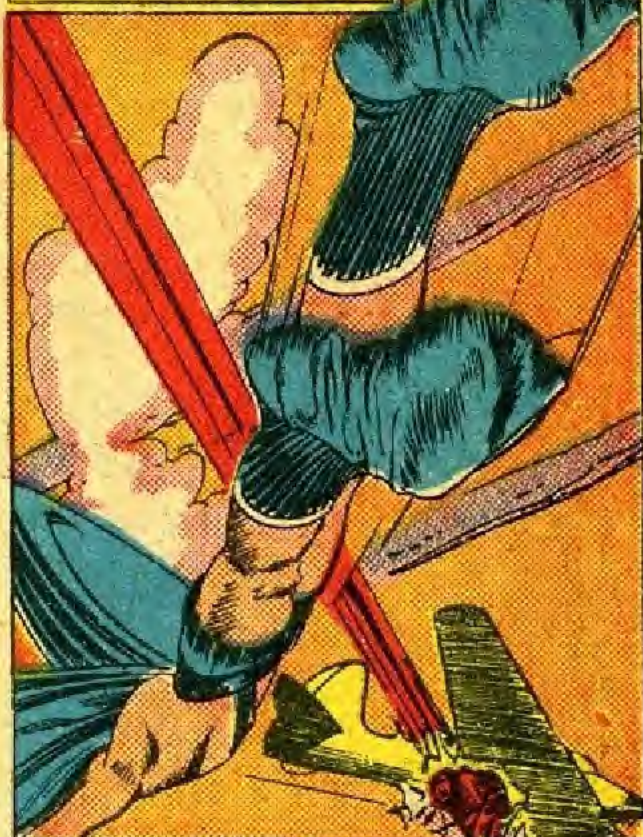
IN VAIN, THE ARMY SENDS UP
PLAINS TO BATTLE.



THEY ARE EASILY CUT DOWN
ON THE WHIRLING ROTATORS.



THE BLACK CONDOR
JOINS THE FRAY..



HE DIVES AROUND THE TORN
AND TWISTED BUILDINGS.....



THE POINT
OF THE
ROTATOR,
EH?



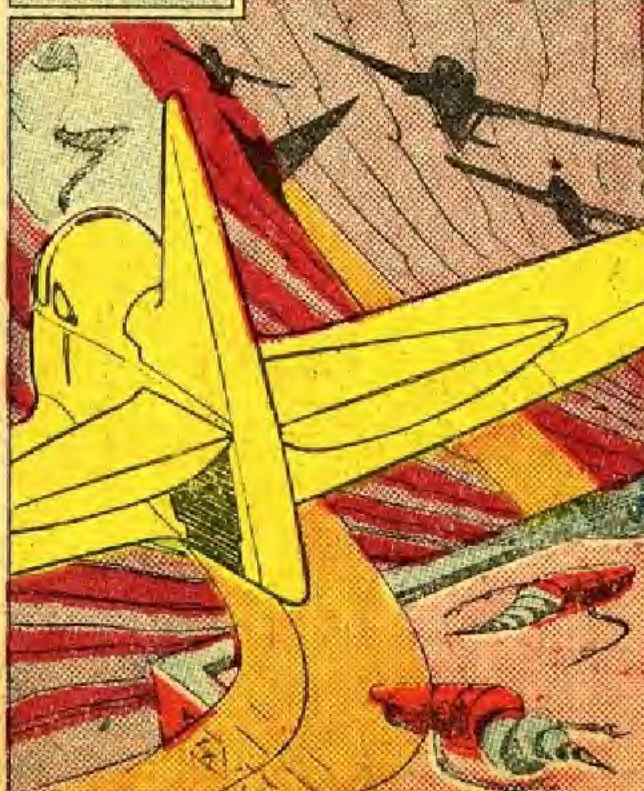
A BLAST OF THE BLACK RAY...



AND THE "SPINNING DEATH"
MELTS. A HELPLESS MASS
OF MOLTEN METAL.



VICTORIOUS, THE BLACK CONDOR
SOARS ABOVE THE ARMY
PLANES.



THANKS,
BLACK
CONDOR...
YOU'VE
SAVED
MILLIONS
OF LIVES!



MOLLY the MODEL

I CASH
CLO'S
OL'
CLO'S!



HELLO
MOLLY!

OH, DANNY—
THOSE
CLOTHES!



THESE CLOTHES?
OH, I GUESS THEY
ARE A LITTLE
OLD...

A
LITTLE
OLD?
THEY'RE
ANCIENT!



WE'RE GOING TO GET
YOU SOME NEW ONES
RIGHT NOW—
YOU LOOK
LIKE A RAS-
PICKER!



THIS GENTLEMAN WANTS
A COMPLETE NEW
OUTFIT OF
CLOTHES!

YES,
M'AM!



THERE HE ARE—
A SUIT, SHIRT
AND SHOES!

DANNY,
YOU LOOK
STUNNING!



THE OLD
CLOTHES...
WILL YOU
TAKE
THEM?

GOODNESS
NO—
THROW
'EM
AWAY!



IS THAT
DAME
LOOKING
AT
DANNY?



OH,
MARGIE!
ISN'T
HE
CUTE?

I
THINK
HE'S
GRAND!

HUM—
WHAT
A
SHAPPY
DRESSER!

A REAL
BEAU
BRUNNEL!



WE'RE GOING
RIGHT BACK
TO THAT
STORE!

HUH?
BUT
WHY?



THE OLD
CLOTHES?
ER—YES,
I DARE
SAY THEY
CAN BE
FOUND!

WELL,
WE WANT
THEM BACK,
RIGHT
AWAY!



BUT MOLLY, WHEN
AM I GONNA WEAR
ALL THE NEW
CLOTHES?

AFTER
YOU'RE
MARRIED
TO ME,
DEAR!

MOLLY THE MODEL

MALONEY FOR ALDERMAN



YOU SAY YOU'RE A CANDIDATE FOR ALDERMAN, POP— THEN WHY MUST I PAY THREE DOLLARS FOR CAMPAIGN EXPENSES??

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER— THANKS, MOLLY!



AH! A POSSIBLE VOTE! PARDON ME, MA'AM...



ALLOW ME TO RETURN THIS DAINTY OBJECT TO A DAINTIER OWNER!

THANK YOU, SIR!



ER— AHEM— IF YOU CAN SPARE ME A BRIEF FEW MINUTES—

BUT I'M IN A HURRY— IN FACT I'M GOING TO HAIL A CAB!



LET ME HAIL YOUR CAB, LADY!



SO GOOD OF YOU TO ENDURE MY COMPANY WHILE I EXPLAIN MY MISSION— A PATRIOTIC AND POLITICAL ONE I ASSURE YOU!



FOR ALDERMAN WE NEED A MAN OF IRON— AND I'LL NOT ONLY BALANCE BUDGETS AND STUFF BUT LOTSA THINGS...



...AMONG MY CAMPAIGN PROMISES WILL BE FREE LIPSTICKS, PERMANENT WAVES, ALSO FATTER ALIMONY AN' RUNLESS STOCKINGS!



SO I KNOW I CAN DEPEND ON YOUR VOTE, MY DEAR!

YES INDEED, IF YOU RUN IN 1944— YOU SEE...



I'M TAKING THIS BOAT FOR BRAZIL— AND WON'T BE BACK FOR FOUR YEARS!



WELL, I AIN'T WAITIN' 'TIL 1944 TO RUN!

OFF THE RECORD

By ED REED.

Question
If you had a spalter
and Johnny took it
Answer:
I'D SOCK HIM

"ER...YOUR GUN, SIR...
A BURGLAR IS NOW
DOWNSTAIRS!"

"I'M GONNA QUIT FIGHTING
YA LIKE YA WANTED...
A GUY PERSUADED ME."

"HELP! HELP! NOT
YOU! WANT THAT
NICE BLONDE MAN?"

"HE'S SNAPPING
HIS FUTURE TO
SHOW HIS GIRL."



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THE STARS TWINKLE COLDLY ABOVE THE COUNTLESS STRATOSPHERE MACHINES FLYING ABOVE THE CITY OF METROPOLIS...

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, ROCK?



LOOK, ELAINE! THERE GOES THE BIG LINER HEADING OUT TO VENUS!

YES.. AND JUST THINK, THERE ARE HONEY-MOONERS ON THAT SHIP..



HEY, YOU TWO! BREAK UP THAT STAR GAZING AND COME HERE.. I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SHOW YOU!



INSIDE HIS LABORATORY DOCTOR WADSWORTH SHOWS HIS DAUGHTER AND ROCK BRADDON A STRANGE ELECTRICAL DEVICE..

DAD..WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?



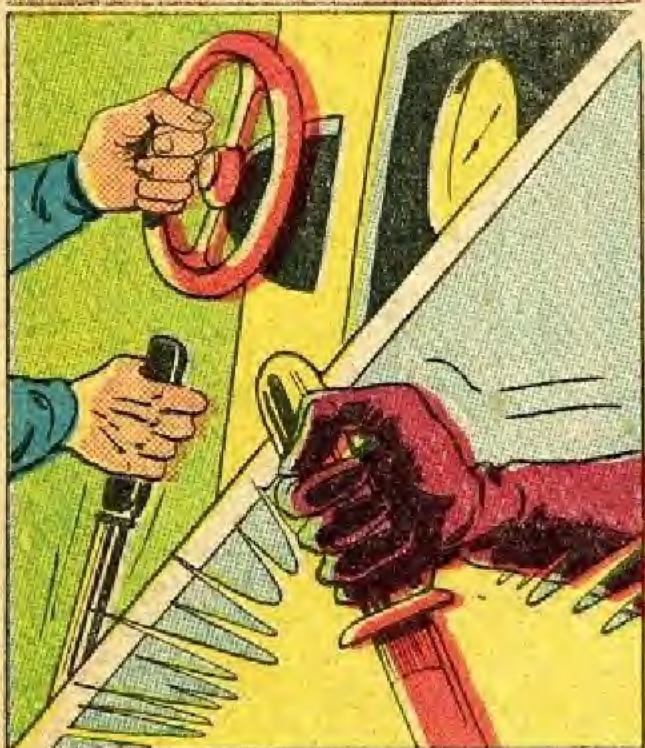
IT'S A NEW METHOD FOR MAKING ROCKET FUEL...BY ELECTRIFYING THE BASIC ORE, THE PROCESS WILL BE SPEEDED UP..I'LL SHOW YOU!



CARL, MY ASSISTANT, WILL OPERATE THE CONTROLS ON THE OUTSIDE!



ON THE EARTH, FAR FROM THE WADSWORTH LABORATORY, ANOTHER SWITCH IS THROWN



A TREMENDOUS SURGE OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY BLANKETS THE EARTH, GRIPPING ITS INHABITANTS IN AN UNCANNY PARALYSIS.



COUNTLESS VEHICLES AND STRATOSPHERE MACHINES PILE INTO EACH OTHER, OUT OF CONTROL...



HA! HA! I NOW HAVE THE WHOLE WORLD IN MY GRASP! I CONTROL THE DESTINY OF MAN.. I CAN RELEASE HIM FROM THIS STATE, OR CONDEMN HIM TO DEATH!

YES, VENDROME!

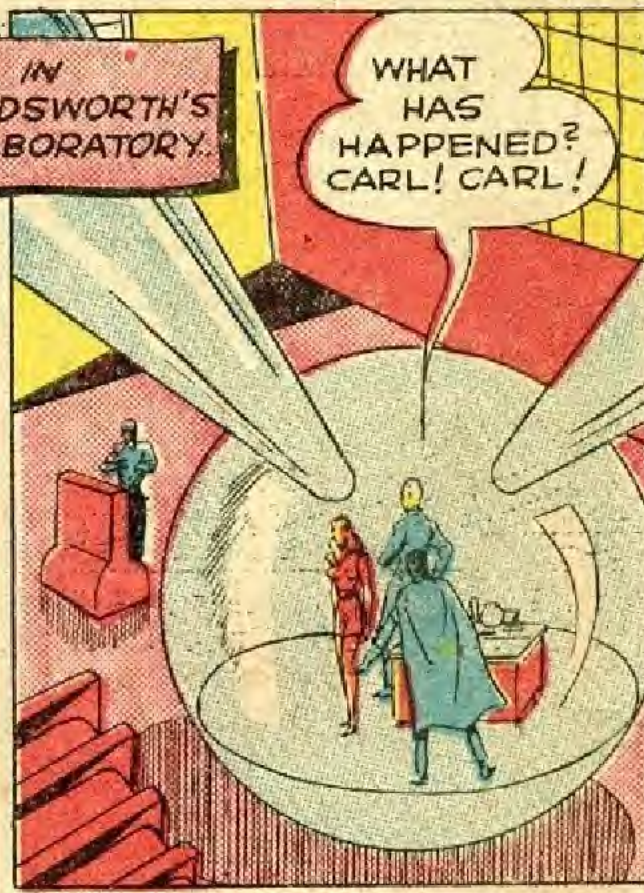


BUT, WAIT! SOMEWHERE THERE IS AN INTERFERENCE... MY FIELD IS BROKEN... SOMEONE HAS ESCAPED!



IN WADSWORTH'S LABORATORY.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? CARL! CARL!



HE'S PARALYZED! HE CAN'T RELEASE US.. I'LL BLAST OUR WAY OUT!

NO! WAIT... IF WE STEP OUT OF THIS GLOBE, WE'LL BECOME LIKE HIM!



AFTER HOURS OF PAINSTAKING LABOR...

IF THESE NEUTRALIZERS DON'T WORK, WE ARE DOOMED... BLAST AWAY, ROCK!





BUT LITTLE DOES ROCK KNOW THAT THE CREATOR OF THE ELECTRO-PARALYSIS WAVE IS ABOARD THE ROCKET FLYER...



AN ELECTRONIC BOLT SPLITS THE BUILDING APART!



VENDROME LANDS...WADSWORTH AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE TAKEN PRISONERS...





CRASHING THROUGH A WINDOW, ROCK DIVES AT THE GUARDS.



HIS FLYING FISTS HIT WITH THE FORCE OF A RAY GUN.



ROCK BREAKS THROUGH..AND ON TO VENDROME'S WELL GUARDED LABORATORY...



VENDROME WHIPS OUT A RAY PISTOL AND TAKES AIM, BUT..



ROCK! THAT MACHINE.. IT MUST BE DESTROYED!



WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, BRADDON HURLS VENDROME INTO HIS OWN MACHINE!



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ELECTRO-PARALYSIS MACHINE BRINGS HUMANITY BACK TO LIFE...



THAT FINISHES ANOTHER MADMAN!

YES..FOR A WHILE HE REALLY HELD THE WORLD IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND!



MADAM FATAL

by
ART PINAJIAN



A GROUP OF MEN TOIL THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT OFF BLEAK ISLAND, IN AN EFFORT TO SALVAGE PROFESSOR CRANE'S WRECKED YACHT, "THE REX".....



THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

ME TOO!

SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT IS BROKEN BY AN EERIE, CRACKLING SOUND.



LOOK!



IN THE GLOOMY MIST THEY SEE A MONSTROUS SHAPE DRIFTING TOWARD THEM IN A ROWBOAT....



IT'S A SEA GHOST!

IT'S COMIN' AFTER US!

GOSH! IT LOOKS LIKE AN APEMAN!



AND AS THE FIGURE COMES NEARER, THE MEN SEE.....



HA-HA!...AFTER THIS, NO ONE WILL WORK FOR CRANE--THE SECRET OF THE REX WILL BE BURIED FOREVER!

RUN!



THE NEXT DAY FINDS RICHARD STANTON, ALIAS MADAM FATAL, A VISITOR TO BLEAK ISLAND...

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TRAG, CRANE'S ASSISTANT?

RIGHT, SIR!



THE MASTER'S EAGER TO SEE YOU, MR. STANTON!

I WONDER WHAT'S ON THE OLD BOY'S MIND!

LATER

"THE REX" WAS MY FLOATING LABORATORY, STANTON...WHEN IT SANK, TRAG AND I WERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS—I HAVE FINALLY LOCATED ITS RESTING PLACE!

WHY TRY TO SALVAGE IT, PROFESSOR?

BECAUSE HIDDEN IN ITS SAFE IS MY SECRET GAS FORMULA...HEAVEN HELP US IF IT WERE TO GET INTO FOREIGN HANDS!

WHAT ABOUT THE DIVERS YOU HIRED?

THEY'VE ALL QUIT... THEY TALK ABOUT SEEING A GHOST THAT LOOKS LIKE AN APEMAN—SOUNDS SILLY... YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE—WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT FORMULA BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE DOES!

HMM... APEMAN, EH?

THAT NIGHT

GOOD LUCK, STANTON!

GOSH—IT'S GLOOMY DOWN HERE!

IT'S NOT LONG BEFORE STANTON SUCCEEDS IN FINDING "THE REX."

AH—THERE'S THE SAFE!

GOOD GOSH! IT'S BEEN BLOWN OPEN—THE FORMULA AND CASH ARE GONE.... SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE BEFORE US....

SUDDENLY A SHADOW FALLS BEFORE STANTON.....

WHO'S THAT?

THE HUGE FIGURE LEAPS AT STANTON, GATHERING HIM IN ITS ARMS LIKE A BABY....

STANTON PUTS ALL HIS STRENGTH IN ONE DESPERATE EFFORT....

AS STANTON PAUSES FOR BREATH, HIS ASSAILANT MAKES A GETAWAY.



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE FORMULA AND CASH GONE! WHO COULD HAVE REACHED THE REX BEFORE US?



...HE LIVES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND... RATHER MYSTERIOUS LOOKING... NO ONE KNOWS HIS BUSINESS—HE MIGHT BE A SPY, SIR!



THE NEXT MORNING STANTON DONS HIS DISGUISE OF MADAM FATAL....



LEAVING BY A REAR DOOR, MADAM FATAL SETS OUT INTO THE WOODS.



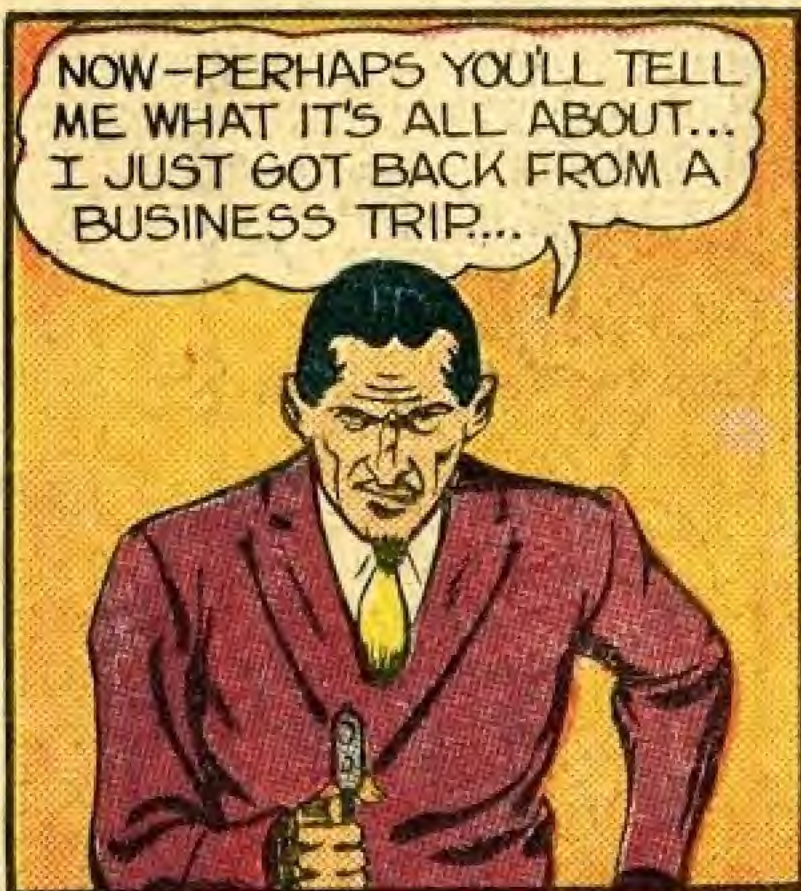
SNOOPING, EH? I'LL TEACH YOU TO SPY ON DOCTOR PROWL!



IN ANSWER, "DR. PROWL" LUNGES VICIOUSLY AT MADAM FATAL.....



MEANWHILE TRAG AND PROFESSOR CRANE LOOK INTO DOCTOR PROWL'S STUDY



BEFORE TRAG CAN FIRE, TWO MASSIVE ARMS ENVELOP HIM...



HELP! ...PRAWL...HELL KILL ME...



ALL RIGHT, THOR—PUT 'IM DOWN... THE GENTLEMAN DOESN'T LIKE HIGH ALTITUDES!



TRAG BLEW OPEN THE SAFE AND STOLE ITS CONTENTS BEFORE THE REX DANK...SINCE YOU AND HE WERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS, HE KNEW YOU'D FIND OUT WHEN YOU LOCATED THE WRECKAGE! SO HE DRESSED UP THOR AS A GHOST AND SCARED THE DIVERS AWAY!



I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU SUCCEEDED IN MAKING THAT SERVANT OF YOURS OBEY YOU AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, PROWL!



TRAG BECAME FRIENDLY WITH THOR WHEN I WAS AWAY...HE'S EASY TO HANDLE ONCE YOU KNOW HIM!



WELL—I'VE NEVER WANTED TO BE SO FRIENDLY WITH A FELLOW IN MY LIFE!



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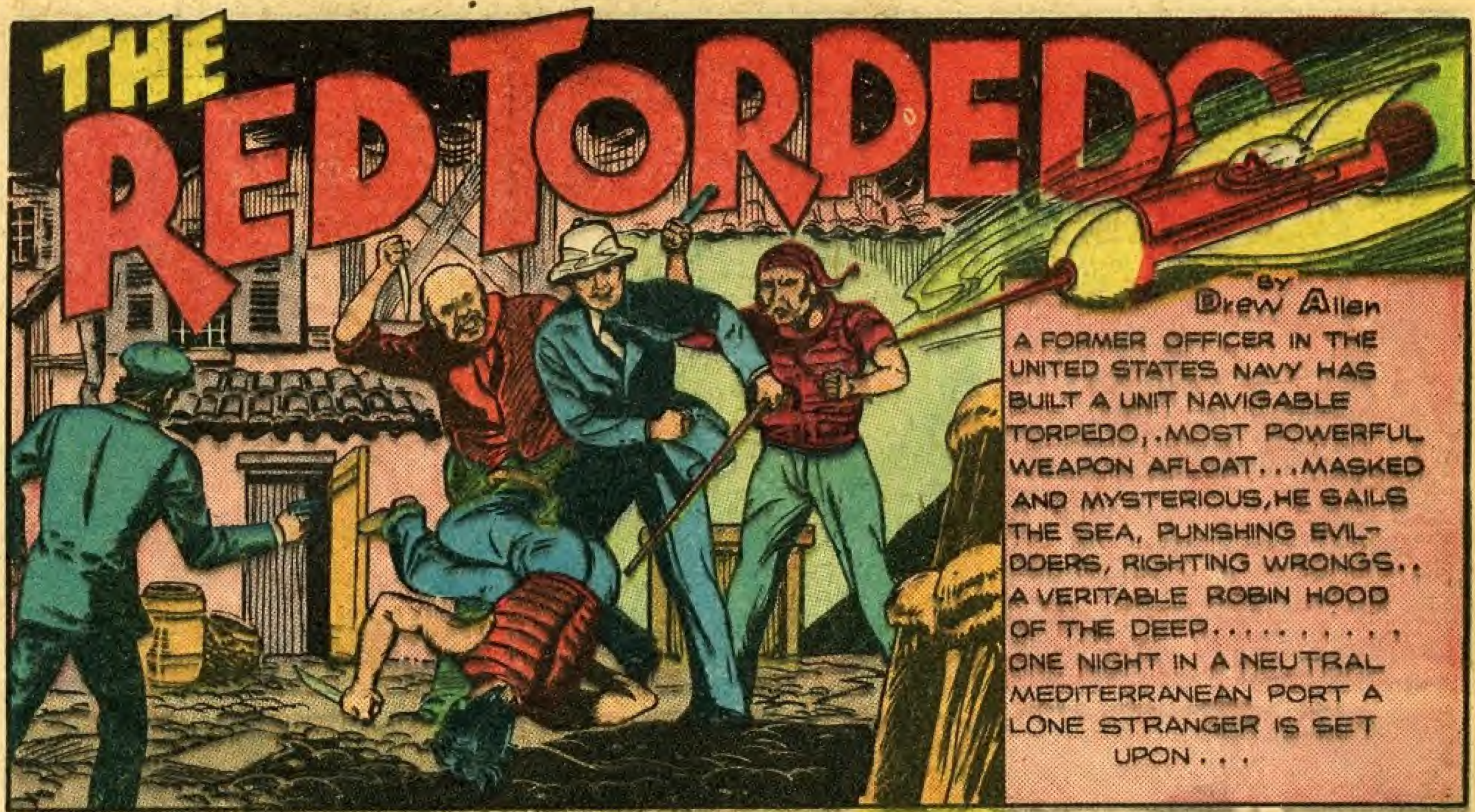
\$2

FOR THE FIRST TIME

You can now get a "LITTLE MAN" printing press with parts matched and the extra inking-roller, spacer and cheaper than castings—plus the metal printing plate at the same low price. WORKS like the famous GORDON PRESS with STANDARD TYPE. You have to get some type, some ink, some paper, and the press will do the rest. The whole set is in one box and the whole set of printing a sheet of paper and printing words, lines, pictures, and so on is a snap. After the name of the printer, PRINTING IS FUN AND PAYE.

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When you send the \$2.00 for the "Little Man" printing press, we will send you the rest of the set for \$1.00. The whole set is \$3.00. We will send you the rest of the set for \$1.00. The whole set is \$3.00. We will send you the rest of the set for \$1.00. The whole set is \$3.00.



by Drew Allen

A FORMER OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY HAS BUILT A UNIT NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, .MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT. .MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE SAILS THE SEA, PUNISHING EVIL-DOERS, RIGHTING WRONGS. . A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP. ONE NIGHT IN A NEUTRAL MEDITERRANEAN PORT A LONE STRANGER IS SET UPON . . .



I'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER THAT MAN. . . HE'S STILL ALIVE!



ONCE INSIDE, A HOT DRINK AND WARM BLANKETS REVIVE THE DYING MAN.



HERE, SWALLOW THIS... QUICK!



LISTEN... I CAN'T LAST LONG... I AM CAPTAIN ARVILLE OF THE LOCAL BRITISH INTELLIGENCE... TWO DAYS AGO...



MY AGENTS BROUGHT ME NEWS THAT IS VITAL TO ENGLAND...



...BUT WE WERE BETRAYED... THE NAZIS SEIZED ONE OF MY GROUP, A VERY YOUNG GIRL...



UNDER TORTURE, SHE REVEALED MY NAME...



...I WAS WAITING FOR A BOAT TO TAKE ME OFF WHEN I WAS ATTACKED...



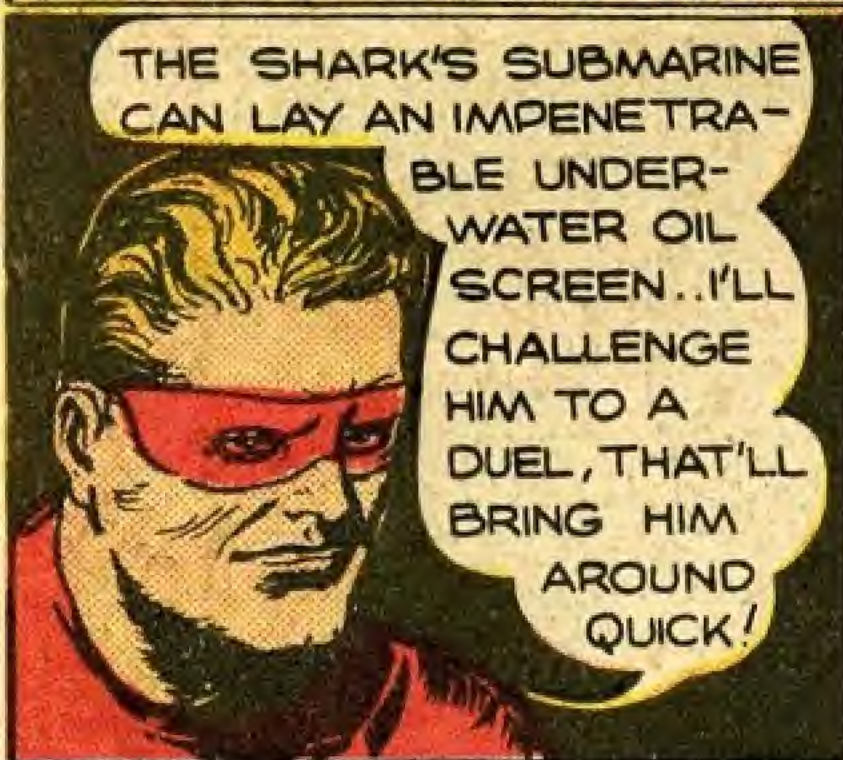
NAZI... SUBS... WILL ATTACK PLANE CARRIER "GLORY". NOW IN... HARBOR... MUST GET....

WORD.. TO....



HE'S GONE! AND HIS MESSAGE WITH HIM... I'LL HAVE TO CARRY ON ALONE!

THE RED TORPEDO REMEMBERS HIS OLD ENEMY, THE BLACK SHARK, AND REALIZES THAT NOW HE CAN USE HIM



THE SHARK'S SUBMARINE CAN LAY AN IMPENETRABLE UNDER-WATER OIL SCREEN..I'LL CHALLENGE HIM TO A DUEL, THAT'LL BRING HIM AROUND QUICK!



CALLING THE BLACK SHARK, WHEREVER YOU ARE..I DARE YOU TO FIGHT ME!

THE CHALLENGE IS PICKED UP.



SO HE WANTS TO FIGHT? I'LL FIX HIM THIS TIV

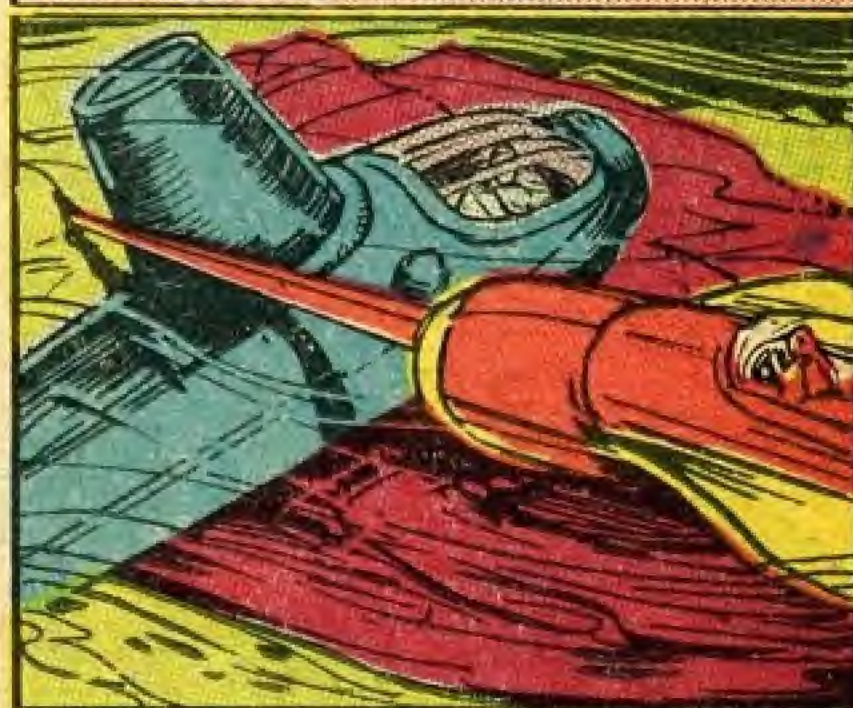
THE SHARK SPEEDS TO THE RENDEZVOUS.



THE SUBMARINE DUELLISTS CHARGE SAVAGELY AT EACH OTHER



AT LAST, THE RED TORPEDO JAMS THE SHARK HELPLESSLY AGAINST A REEF.



COME ON OUT AND WE'LL FINISH IT! HAND-TO-HAND!

O.K., SHARK, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

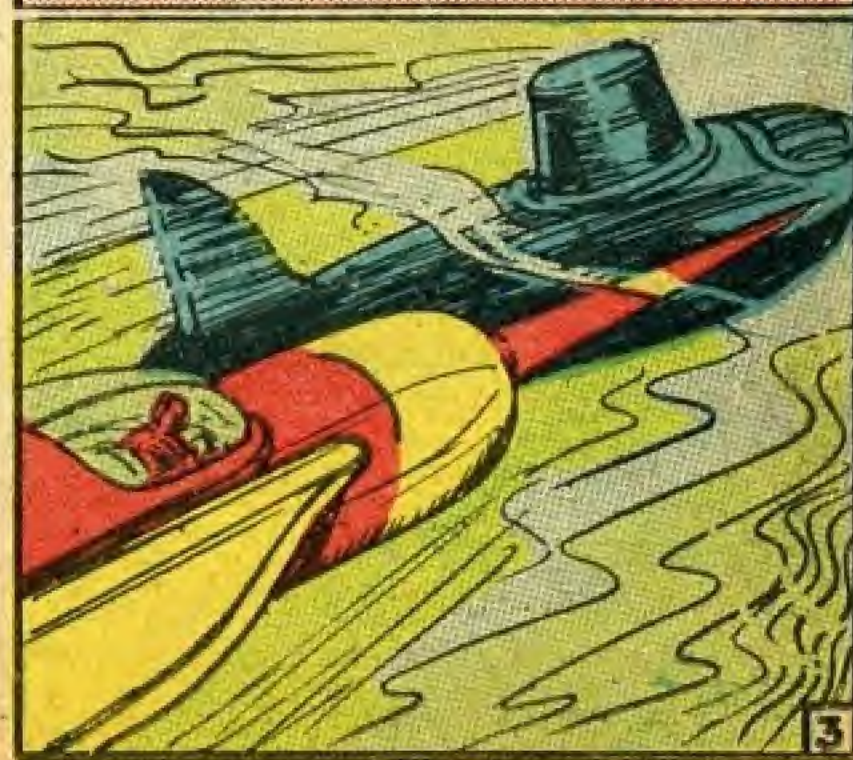


NOW, LISTEN! I'M TAKING YOU ON A MISSION..WHEN I SIGNAL, RELEASE YOUR OIL SCREEN... ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL

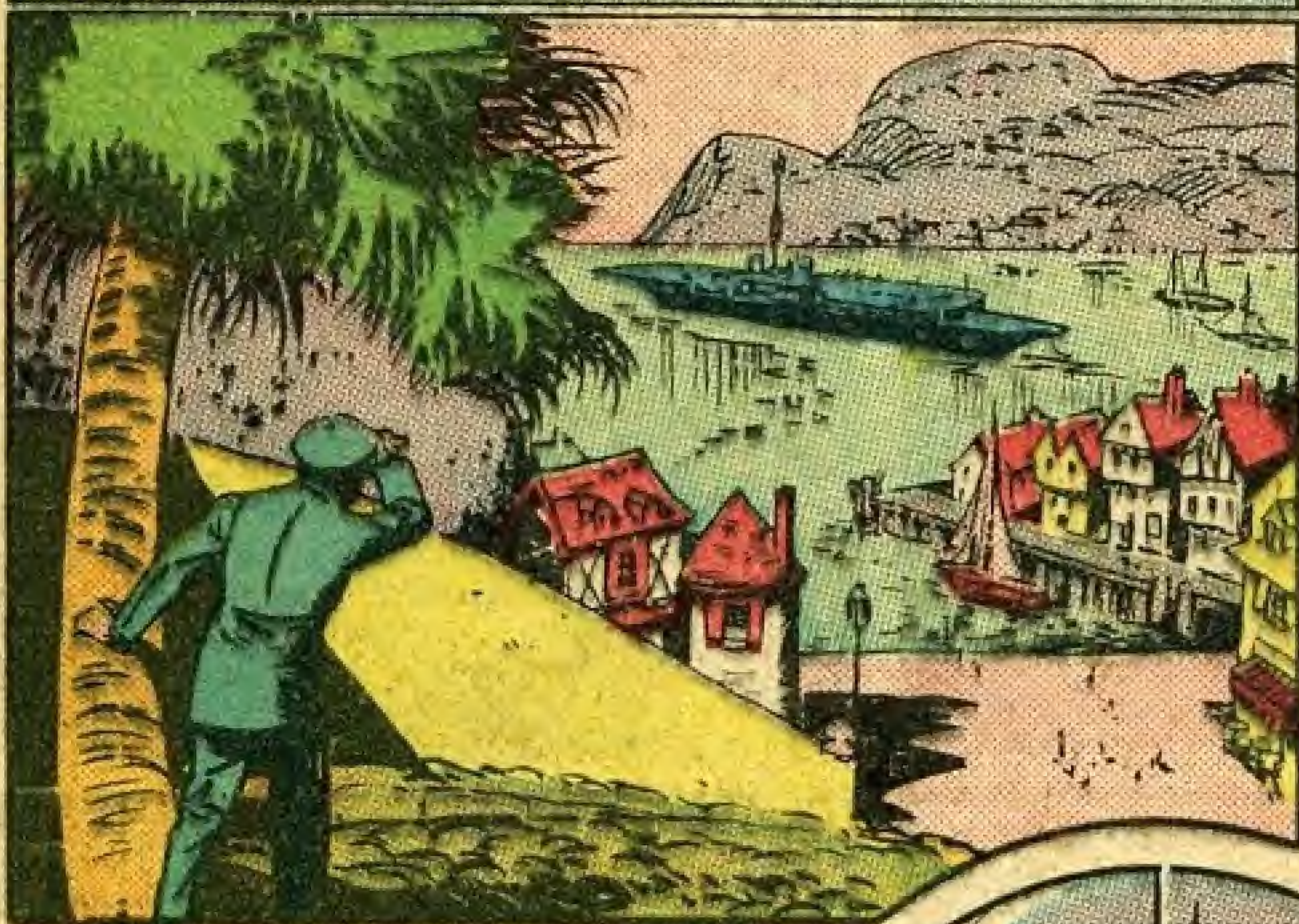


CRUSH YOU LIKE AN OYSTER SHELL..REMEMBER, I'LL BE RIGHT BESIDE YOU!

THE TWO START FOR THE LOCATION OF THE "GLORY"...



UNSUSPECTING, "THE GLORY" RIDES AT ANCHOR IN THE NEUTRAL HARBOR . . .



WHILE IN A SECRET NAZI BASE, THE LEADER'S MEN PREPARE TO VIOLATE THAT NEUTRALITY.



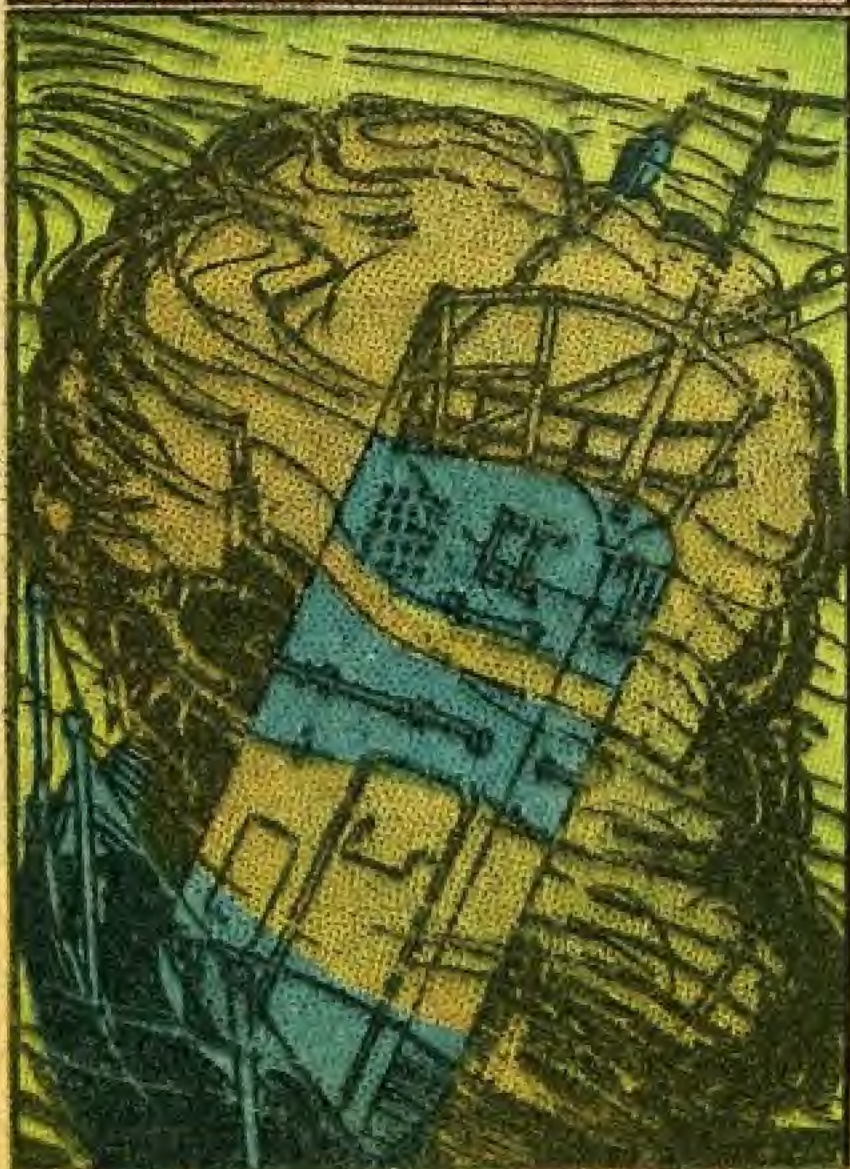
ACHTUNG!
THERE SHE IS..
SIGNAL U-12
THAT WE
ATTACK!



SUDDENLY A DENSE BLACK CLOUD OF OIL OBSCURES THE GLORY'S HULL . .



AND ENVELOPS THE APPROACHING SUBMARINES..



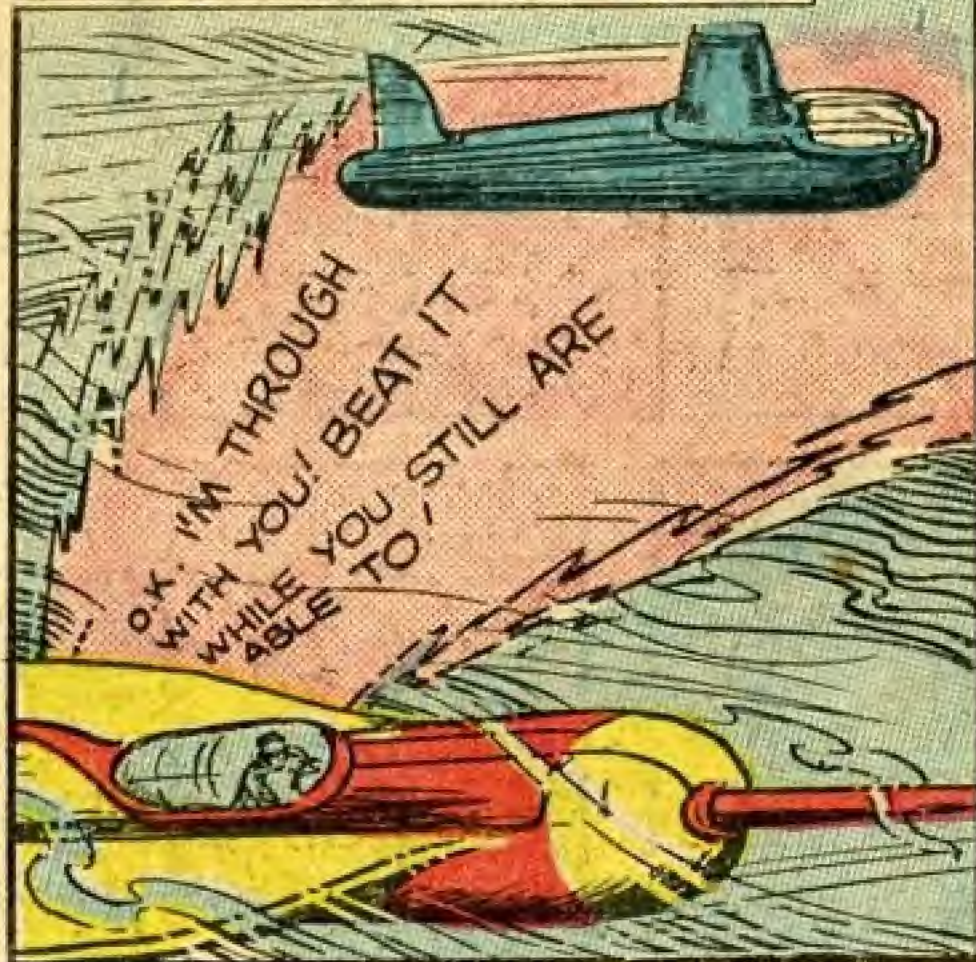
WELL, ESEL? I TOLD YOU TO ATTACK! HOW DARE YOU TO DELAY!



HERR SCHAFT, A RADIO FROM U-12.. IT CANNOT SEE TO ATTACK!



AND NOW THE RED TORPEDO RELEASES THE SHARK . . .



HERE'S WHERE I SETTLE WITH THOSE TWO SUBMARINES!



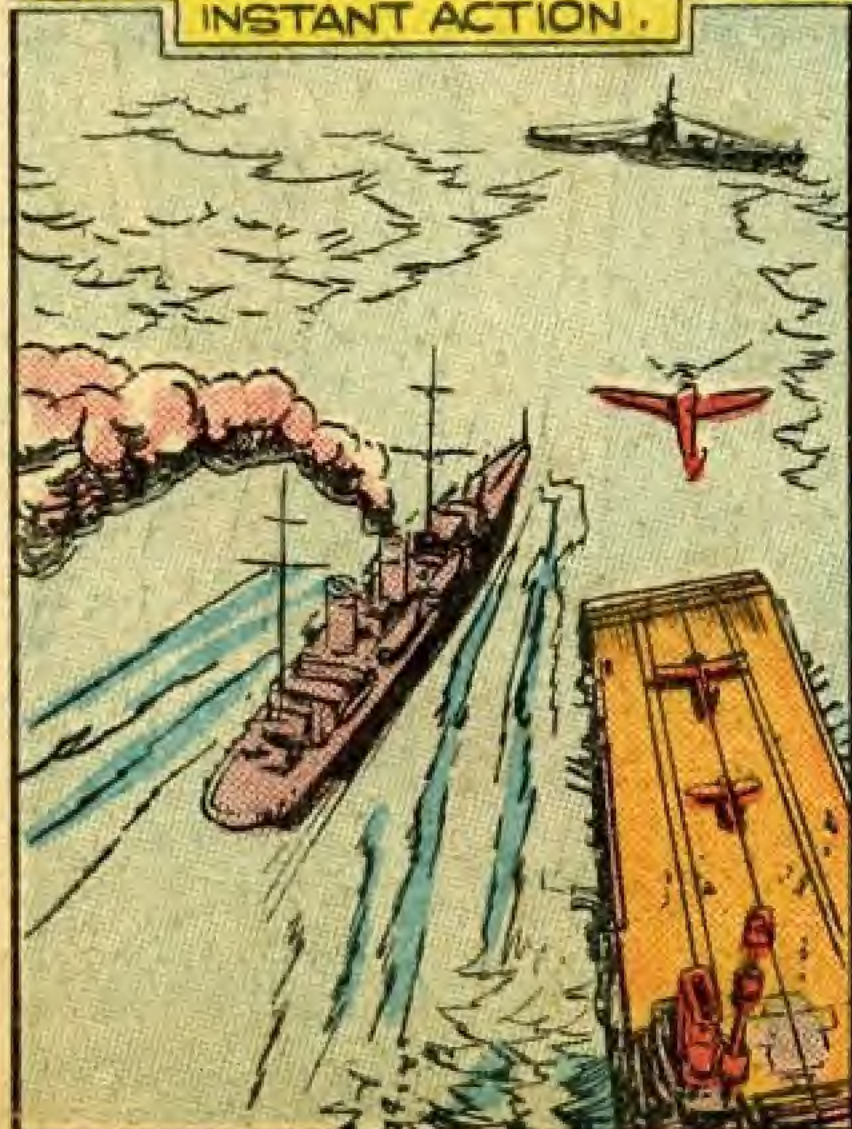
TO ESCAPE THE OIL SCREEN, THE U-12 RISES TO THE SURFACE . .



WHERE IT IS SPOTTED AT ONCE BY A BRITISH DESTROYER . .



THE DESTROYER AND A PLANE FROM THE GLORY GO INTO INSTANT ACTION .



IN A FEW MINUTES IT'S ALL OVER WITH THE U-12 . . .



WELL, THE GLORY IS SAFE FOR THE PRESENT! **RULE BRITANNIA!**



JANE ARDEN

JANE IS TRYING TO TRAP TWO RACE SWINDLERS BY MAKING BIG BETS

YOU'RE BETTING WITH THAT MAN TOO COUNT?

YES—HE SEEMS TO PICK THE WINNERS!

COUNT WHEN THINGS JANE IS RICH HE IS VERY ATTENTIVE

WELL—MY BET FOR YOU WON AGAIN COUNT!

THANKS A LOT!

FIRST WE CAN CLEAN UP ON THIS NEXT RACE—A 20-TO-1 SHOT!

YOU'RE SMART, COLONEL BLAKELY!

THEN I'LL BET \$5000 COLONEL!

AND HERE BET \$1000 FOR ME AT 20-TO-1!

FINE!

NOW—WE'LL REALLY WIN SOMETHING FOLKS!

HOW CAN WE THANK YOU!

I MUST USE THE PHONE COUNT!

HOPE I CAN GET THE INSPECTOR!

DIDJA TAKE EM, COLONEL?

YEAH WEASEL!

YOU BETTER HOLD THIS MONEY FOR ME!

WELL—MY BET FOR YOU WON AGAIN COUNT!

20-TO-1 BET UP TO YOUR OLD \$5000 COLONEL! YOU TOO WEASEL!!

DON'T YA KNOW ITS BAD LUCK FOR YER APRON THE LOOSE, LENA?

AW—RIDDLE STICKS! SUCH BOSH I'M BUSY—GOTTA GATHER THE EGGS!

WELL—THIS IS THE MOST EGGS WE'VE HAD IN WEEKS!

DAN MAKES ME SICK WITH HIS SUPERSTITIONS!

THERE! AH TOLE YA!! AN' BECUZ YER APRON WAS LOOSE! HAW! HAW!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN

AS THE ARRESTED COLONEL AND WEASEL ARE TAKEN OFF

CAUGHT AGAIN IN COLONEL'S

WAIT FOR ME COUNT MAN

YOU ARE WANTED IN THE STEWARD'S OFFICE MISS

YES - THE COLONEL WILL WANT TO BRING US OUR WINNINGS

JANE THIS IS THE CHIEF STEWARD - HE SUPPLIED THAT BETTING MONEY!

YES - WE WANTED TO TRAD THESE RACE CROOKS

HEY YOU GOT NOTHIN ON ME!

ME TOO!

YES - THE COLONEL LET ME WIN FOR AWHILE... THEN HE TOOK IT ALL FOR ONE BIG BET! I KNOW HE'D TRY TO SKIP THEN

IT'S A US / WHY I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT THE MONEY - I BET IT AND LOST!

MAYBE WEASEL HERE HAS THE ROLL!

SAV! I ONLY GOT MY OWN DOUGH!

OH YEAH IT WELL THIS IS OUR MARKED MADAMA AND YOU GO TO THE CLINK!

AW A DAVE TOOK US OVER!

Y - THE COLONEL LOOKED LOADEST!

HA - HA - HERE'S THE MONEY YOU SAVE HIM TO BET!

ALMA WORRIED TH WHY LENA LAUGHS AT BAD LUCK SIGNS, FOLKS!

DON'T YE WERN HER OF TH EVIL THAT COMES WITH BAD SIGNS, DAVE!

OH SHE DON'T CARE!

EVEN BEES CAN'T HARM LENA - SHE MUST BE CRAZY

MEBB PIXIES HAS GOT 'ER!!

WE MUST UNDO TH SPELL THAT GROSS LENA

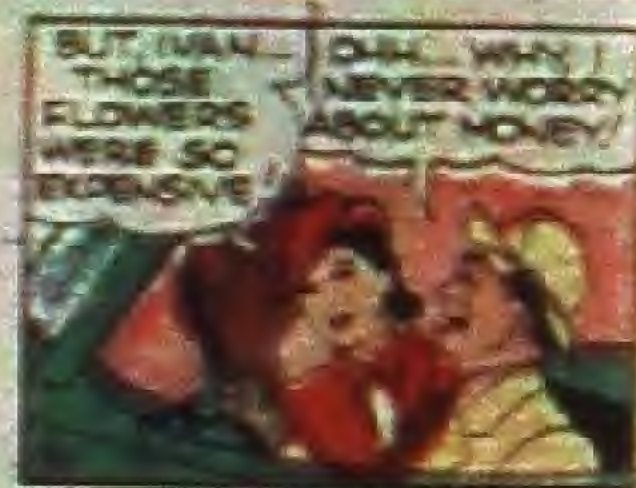
HOW?

WE COULD REFORM HER IF SHE THOUGHT IT WERE A GAME SHE WUZ PLAYIN' IN...

SHO!!

T'NIGHT WELL SET TH PRIZES AFTER HER... WE TIE A LOCK OF HER HAIR, TURN 'ER ROUND THREE TIMES... AN PUT A TOAD UNDER HER PILLOW!!

JANE ARDEN'S RIDING CLOTHES



JANE ARDEN



Alias the Spider

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

IT IS A MID-WESTERN BANK... A GROUP OF MEN ENTER... ONE CARRIES A MOVIE CAMERA...



THERE IS A SHOUTED COMMAND...

EV'RYBODY SHUT YOUR TRAPS AN' STAND STILL... THIS'S A REAL STICK-UP!



HEY! YOU CAN'T ROB THIS BANK! MY DADDY HAS MONEY IN IT!!

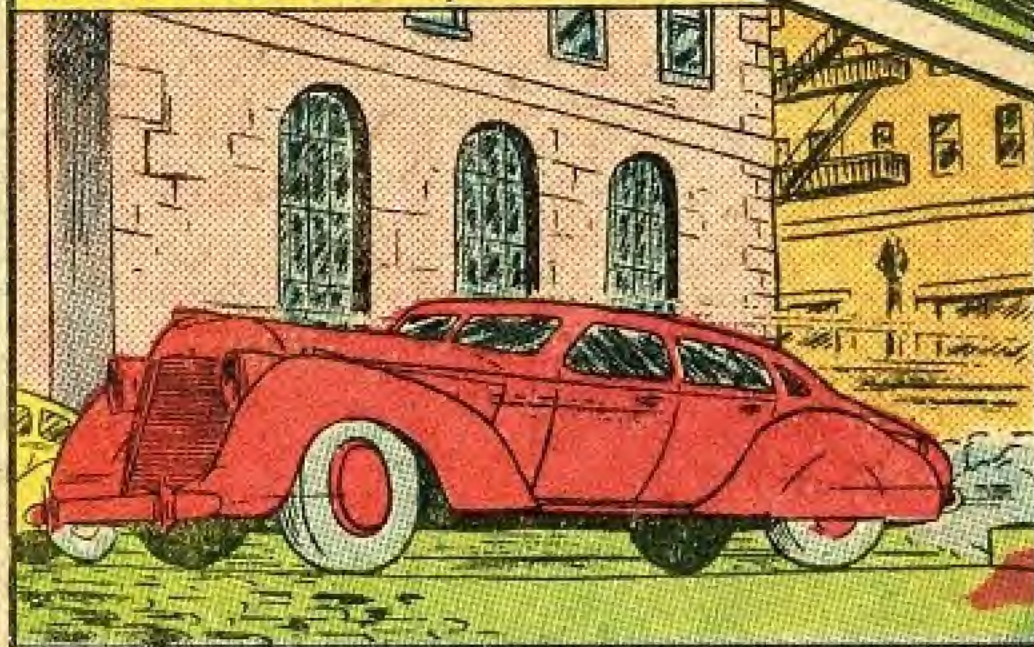
YEAH?



HEY, FLICK! GRAB THAT KID... WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!



AND THUS USING THE BOY, THE ROBBERS GET AWAY WITH \$100,000....



DURING THE NEXT WEEK MANY NEWSPAPERS CARRY A VERY STARTLING KIND OF HEADLINE..



WHILE IN THE BANDITS' CAR...

MISTER MIKE - DO WE HAF TA TAKE THAT LAST SCENE OVER AGAIN?

YEP! AFRAID WE WILL, BOBBY!

CHANGE TH' KID'S OUTFIT, SPUD!



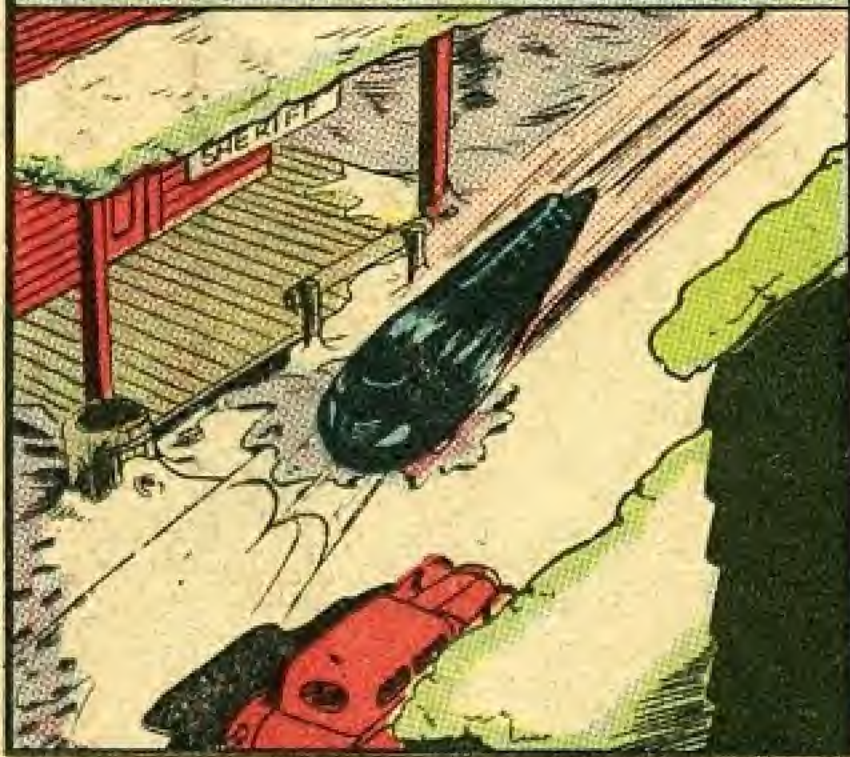
SHUCKS! I WISH I COULD ACT BETTER - AND NOT MAKE SO MANY MISTAKES.... IT MUST COST YOU A LOT FOR FILM.... W-WELL, I'LL TRY T'DO BETTER...



AS THE BANK ROBBERIES CONTINUE, A BLACK OBJECT NOW BURNS UP THE ROAD FROM THE EAST... IT'S THE BLACK WIDOW!!



WITH NIGHT FALLING, THE BLACK WIDOW ROARS INTO RIDGEWOOD, UTAH... THE SCENE OF THE LAST BANK STICK-UP.....



A SUDDEN ROAR, THEN ZING! THE BLACK WIDOW STREAKS OUT OF RIDGEWOOD.....



HMM... THEY'RE GOING RIGHT BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM! THEY'RE GOING TO PULL THE OLD TRICK OF HIDING RIGHT UNDER THE NOSES OF THE POLICE.... WE'LL SEE.....



AND STEERING IT IS THE ACE CRIME DESTROYER... THE SPIDER



LATER.. THE BANK ROBBER'S TRAIL AGAIN LEADS THE SPIDER BACK TO THE TOWN OF RIDGEWOOD!



CONFOUND YOU, YOU WILD BED-BUG! WHY DON'T'CHA LOOK WHERE YER RUNNIN' THAT CRATE, DRIVER!



PRETTY CLEVER OF THOSE CROOKS... USING THAT POOR KID AS A MOVIE "FRONT" TO FOOL THE POLICE INTO NOT SHOOTING AT THEM....



STOP SPUTTERING, DAD... AND TELL ME WHICH WAY THOSE ROBBERS FLED!



COOL DOWN, OLD TIMER... HERE'S \$50... KEEP QUIET ABOUT SEEING MY CAR HERE!



SAY... HAVE YOU SEEN FOUR MEN WITH A LITTLE BOY AROUND HERE?

WAL - I DID SEE SOME NEW MEN... BUT NO SIGN OF ANY LITTLE BOY....



YEAH... AN' THEM FELLAS WAS SURE NOSEY CRITTERS! THEY ASK ME LOTS O' STUFF ABOUT THE BANK... AN' THEY GIVED ME \$10 FER TELLIN' 'EM STUFF.... BUT I THINK....



LOOK... I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY IF YOU TELL ME WHERE I MIGHT FIND 'EM!

W-WHAT?!! WHY, I KIN BRING YA TO 'EM NOW!



SURE... HERE WE ARE!

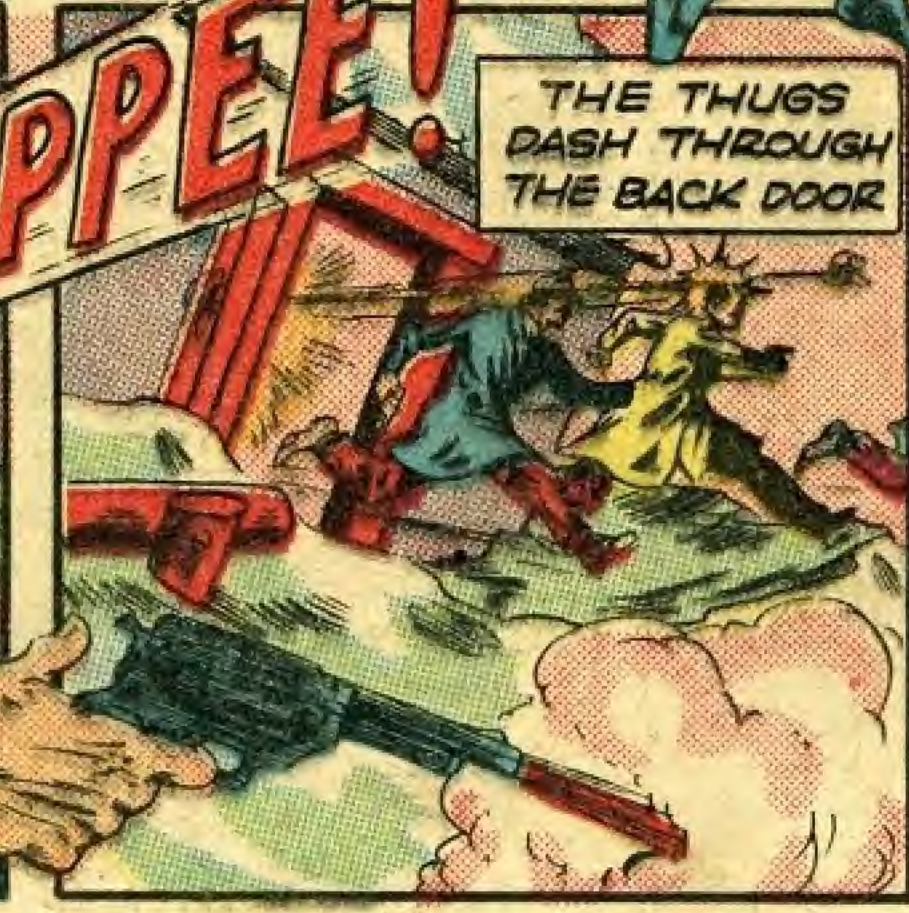


TH' SPIDER!

BANG!



HELLO, RATS!





SAY, PARDNER... THERE AIN'T TOO MUCH ROOM IN THIS CONTRAPTION, IS THEY?

NEVER MIND.. C'MON, YOU'LL FIT IN OKAY!



HEY! SLOW DOWN!



SOON THE SPIDER HAS TRAILED THE TWO ESCAPED ROBBERS TO AN OLD SHACK.....



LET'S BLAST AWAY AT TH' CABIN, PAL!

NO... WE WON'T WASTE BULLETS !!



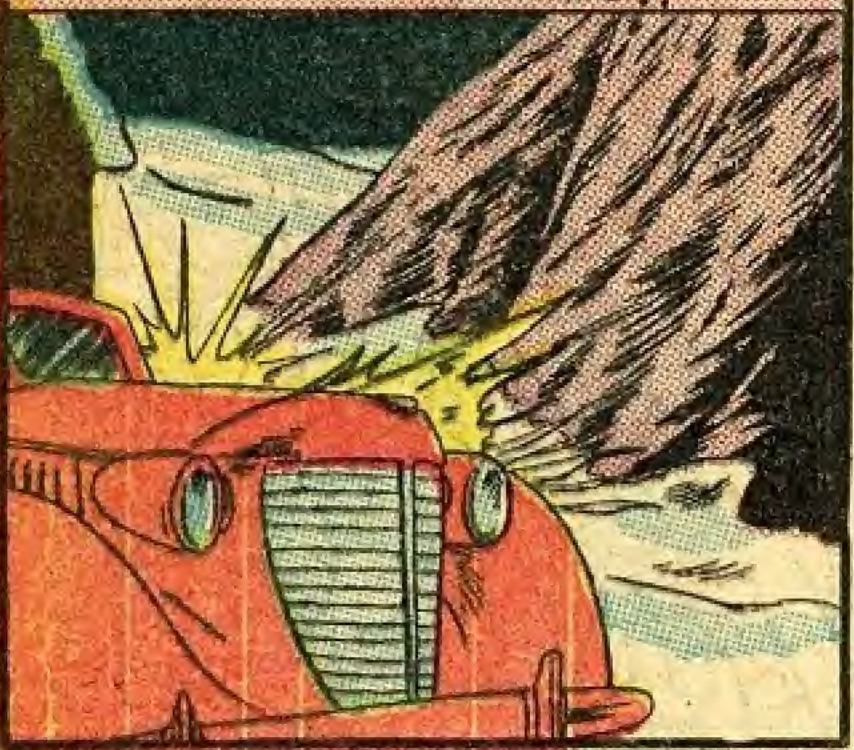
NOW... I'LL CUT THEIR WATER LINE OFF!



WE'LL USE A LITTLE STRATEGY! FIRST, WE'LL SET THEIR CAR AFIRE, SO THEY CAN'T LEAVE!



THE SPIDER'S FLAMING SEAL RIPS INTO THE CAR'S HOOD... IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES!!



...AND THIS SHOT WILL BEND THEIR CHIMNEY, AND THAT'LL CLOSE IT UP AND DRIVE THE SMOKE BACK!



..AND INSIDE THE OLD SHACK..

CHEE... DIS SPIDER GUY SURE PUTS DA'HEAT ON WHEN HE'S SORE!

AW... STOP TH' CRY-BABY STUFF!



COUGH... I--I-- GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE... COUGH... I--I-- CAN'T STAND IT ANY M-MORE!



HAW!! THEY'RE COMIN' OUT LIKE RATS! WILL WE DROP 'EM, PARD?

NO!! THERE'S A REWARD FOR THEM -- AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO COLLECT IT, POP!



LEAVING THE OLD TIMER TO LOOK AFTER THE YOUNG BOY, THE SPIDER TAKES AFTER THE FLEEING THUGS....



AHEM... STOP ME IF I JAR YOU TOO MUCH, SNAKE!



THE SPIDER AND HIS QUARRY TUMBLE CRAZILY DOWN A STEEP HILLSIDE... THEY CRASH INTO THE SECOND SURPRISED HOODLUM WHO IS ESCAPING...



WELL... WELL... IF WE DON'T HAVE COMPANY! THAT'S IF A RAT IS COMPANY!



HERE! I'LL PILE YOU NEATLY!



I GUESS THIS IS THE END OF THIS "WILD WEST MOVIE COMPANY"! THE "DIRECTORS" LOOK SICK!



LATER... THE OLD TIMER HAS BROUGHT THE STUNNED ROBBERS INTO THE SURPRISED SHERIFF..

'TWARNT' NOTHIN' TO IT, SHERIFF... WHY, ALL OF A SUDDEN-LIKE I FOUND ME REAL STRENGTH AN'... AN'...



BUT THE OLD TIMER STRIKES A MATCH ON AN ARROW GIVEN HIM BY THE SPIDER....



WOW! GREAT ROMAN CANDLES!

THE SEAL OF THE SPIDER! WHY, YOU PINT-SIZED, BOW-LEGGED LIAR!! YOU "CAUGHT" EM, EH? WHY—GIT OUT, BEFORE I RUN YA IN!!



TSK! TSK!

MEANWHILE... AT THE SPIDER'S NEW YORK HOME....

BUT, BOSS... I'M WILLIN' T'BE A GOOD CHAUFFEUR, BUT THIS KID'S PACE WEARS ME DOWN! HE'S USE TA EXCITEMENT LIKE YOU DISH IT OUT!



LEE Preston

THE RED CROSS

By Terrence Macaulay



OUT OF THE WEST THE FAST BLUE UNITED BREWERY TO HER NEXT STOP.



SUDDENLY, ROUNDING A CURVE, THE STARTLED ENGINEER SEES ANOTHER TRAIN.



A SECOND LATER THE TRAINS MEET WITH A FEARFUL IMPACT.



A SHORT TIME LATER LEE IS ASKED TO RUSH MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO THE DISASTER.



LOSING NO TIME, LEE PRESTON IS SOON IN THE AIR.



QUICKLY SHE REACHES THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.





HEADING THE ONE IN SIGHT WITH
HER LANDING LIGHTS
LEE FOLLOWS CLOSELY.



THE CAR PULLS UP AT
A DOCK.

OH! THEY'RE
TRANSFERING TO
A SPEED-BOAT!



AGAIN LEE FOLLOWS. THIS TIME
OVER WATER. SUDDENLY HER
MOTOR COMES OUT.



SUCCESSFULLY LEE DROVES THE
PLANE INTO THE WATER.



DARN IT! I'LL
LOSE THEM
NOW!

BUT LEE IS MISTAKEN.



SWING AROUND AND
PICK THAT PILOT UP.
I WANT NO
WITNESSES!

THE CAPTURE IS QUICKLY EFFECTED,
AND THE BOAT CONTINUES
ON ITS WAY.



HEY BOSS!
"HE'S" A GIRL!

WHAT?!

MEANWHILE, RICK SEARCHES
IN VAIN.



THEY'VE GOT LEE
TOO! I'VE GOT TO
FIND THEM AND
SAVE HER!

BUT
HOURS
STRETCH
INTO
DAYS
AS AN
AROUSSED
COUNTRY
SIDE
JOINS
IN THE
SEARCH.
RICK,
BELIEVING
THEM
HIDDEN
NEARBY,
HUNTS
NECESSITATED.



AM GOING TO
LOOK AROUND
THE BLUE OAK
AGAIN!

PUTTING THOUGHT INTO ACTION
RICK LEAVES IN A FAST PURSUIT
PLANE.



IN THE MEANTIME, LEE, IN THE HANDS OF THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS HAS BEEN SHIPPED TO A NEW PRISON.



SETTING THE ROCKET UP, LEE AIMS AT THE FREEDOM-BARRING DOOR.



WITH A SHOCK, THE POWERFUL ROCKET TEARS THE DOOR FROM ITS HINGES.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE ROCKET IN ITS WILD FLIGHT NARROWLY MISSES RICK'S PLANE.



HE SPRAYS THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS WITH MACHINE GUN BULLETS.



QUICKLY RICK LANDS.



AT THAT MOMENT A RADIO CAR, ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS, RUSHES UP.



AND THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE GANG ARE QUICKLY ROUNDED UP.



GREAT WORK, LEE, AND YOU'RE GREAT, TOO! HOW ABOUT "M. MARRYING ME?"



ANOTHER THRILLING EXPLOIT WITH LEE PRESTON IN THE NEXT ISSUE! DON'T MISS IT!

Snappy

HEY, SIS -
WAIT A
MINUTE!

WILL YOU LEND
ME SOME MONEY
TO BUY JANE A
NICE PRESENT
WITH?

YES - BUT IT'LL
BE COMING OUT
OF YOUR NEXT
ALLOWANCE



CHUCK BROT, LET'S GO
SHOPPING - WHAT
DO YOU THINK
SHE'D LIKE?

ABOUT ALL A FELLOW
CAN GET A GIRL IS
FLOWERS, HANDBAGS
OR CANDY

- AND DESPITE AS I LIKE
CAUTION BROT, THERE'S
IT! SHE'LL HAVE TO
GIVE ME SOME
JOY TO BE POLITE



HEY
SNAP!

WHAT'D YOU
WANT? I'M
IN A
HURRY!

DO A PAL A FAVOR
AND DELIVER THIS
BOX TO MY UNCLE
OSCAR AT THE
MUSEUM -

BE CAREFUL WITH
IT - IT'S A RARE THING
I FOUND IN OUR BACK
YARD AT HOME

TO TAKE IT
UNLESS
BUT I HATE
ALL PAPERS

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT
IS - PROBABLY A FLOWER
OF SOME KIND, BUT IT
CAN WAIT - TELL I
DELIVER THIS OTHER -

HELLO JANE!
I - I - I - I BROUGHT
YOU A CHRISTMAS
PRESENT, I -

WHY
SNAPPY -
DO COME
IN!

OH - HOW SWEET,
TWO OF THEM!

NO, YOU
SEE -
I - I -





NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

HOLD THAT LINE!

HOLD THAT LINE!

HOLD THAT LINE!

FOOTBALL LEAD IS ONLY 14 TO 18. COACH, AND THERE ARE MOST THREE MINUTES TO PLAY.

BUT WE CAN'T SCORE WITHOUT THE BALL, JAKE.





NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

I MIGHT REMIND YOU I'VE PLAYED CALUMNET. THE BOYS WHO HOSTED THEIR SCHOOL COLORS TO THE TOP OF OUR ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—LET'S GO!

CARTER WILL KICK ONE.

CALUMNET WILL DEFEND THE SOUTH GOAL.

I'LL TAKE HIM! MISS MINT! AW, LET ME NAIL HIM!

CATCHING IN THE BALL ON HIS 10-YARD LINE, THE CALUMNET HALFBACK BARELY ROMAS AIN WAY TO THE 15-YARD STRIKE BEFORE HE IS HIT—AND HIT HARD—

THAT'S THE OL' WAY TO BRASH IN THERE, SHIELDS!

57-28-93-45-

CUT HIM DOWN NOW!

HAVE THAT HALFBACK COME THROUGH AND SEE ME SOMETIME—I'M ALWAYS HERE!

SECOND DOWN—15 YARDS TO GO FOR CALUMNET!

CALUMNET'S GOING TO RUN! GAIL—THE MAN OF YOUR HOOR IS BACKING UP TO MAKE THE CATCH!

WHEN THEY KICK THAT BALL TO NED BRANT, THE WORD FUMBLE DROPS RIGHT OUT OF THE DICTIONARY!

THERE'S THE PASS FROM CENTER—IT'S A PASS FURT—HE'S RUNNING WITH IT—FAST THE LINE OF SCRAMBLE—HE'S LOOSE—ONLY NED BRANT TO STOP HIM NOW!

THE GREAT CARTER CROWD STE'S STUNNED AS NED BRANT MAKES A HEROIC BUT FUTILE ATTEMPT TO STOP THAT CALUMNET TOUCHDOWN—

THE BALL CARRIER STEPPED OUT OF BOUNDS ON CARTER'S FIVE-YARD LINE WHEN BRANT DROVE AT HIM—THE BALL GOES INTO PLAY THERE!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DEAN E. W. SMITH



CALUMET'S BALL—FIRST AND TEN ON ITS OWN 25-YARD LINE!

COME ON, GUYS—NEVER TOO LATE!

THERE GOES YOUR OLD BALL GAMB, CARTER!



ONLY A MINUTE OR SO TO PLAY, WITH CALUMET LEADING 7 TO 6—CALUMET PROBABLY WILL KICK DOWNFIELD OUT OF DANGER.



CALUMET IS STALLING! CARTER IS HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF THAT!

THEY'RE NOT TRYING TO GAIN—THEY'RE JUST RUNNING PLAYS SLOWLY TO KEEP THE BALL!



THIRD DOWN—THEY'LL PUNT THIS TIME SURE!

LET'S GET IN THERE AND BLOCK THAT KICK!



THE CALUMET CENTER UNDER A BAD PASS—AS THE BALL SALES OVER THE KICKER'S HEAD—CARTER PLAYERS SLASH THROUGH CALUMET'S FORWARD WALL—



CARTER'S BALL / FIRST AND TEN ON CALUMET'S FIFTEEN!



BUT, I TELL YOU THAT PLAY IS SO OLD IT HAS WHICKERS A YARD LONG.

I'M CALLING SIGNALS, BOO! IF WE FAIL I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY KEO



KNOCK DOWN THAT PASS!

THERE GOES THE GUN!

CARTER'S NOT OVER TILL THE PLAY IS COMPLETED!



THAT'S THE OLD WAY TO RAMBLE, BOO—YOU'RE OVER!

AND THEY BEAT US WITH A PLAY THEY HAD TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM!

Ned Brent is continued in the January issue—on sale November 29th.



"Take that, Dutchie!"

Big Joe Lafferty's ham-like fist smashed against the old planter's jaw and he went down with a crash, overturning a table.

The room was deathly quiet, except for the feeble breathing of the Dutch planter, knocked cold on the floor. Big Joe's beady eyes circled around the room and a snarl curled his pendulous nether lip.

"Anyone else want some?" he growled.

Not a word from the steady, drawn faces of the planters gathered in the Kope Inn. Capetown's hang-out for the better class of planters who tilled the vast acres of South Africa's veldt.

Big Joe laughed contemptuously, turned on his heel and strode noisily out of the room. There was a general sound of relaxation among the tense men. They had seen Big

Joe in action before. Many times. None of them was a match for the huge brute, but all wished devoutly that he would meet some violent end.

Just who Big Joe was nobody knew. He had blown into Capetown a year before. Then he had disappeared a month later and was gone for six weeks. When he returned he was haggard and hollow-eyed and there were those who took pity on him. But he spurned sympathy, in so many words told everyone to mind his own business.

Big Joe made periodic trips into the jungle, always alone, and usually stayed five or six weeks. What he did no one had an idea. But naturally all were curious. Big Joe boasted that he was infallible. When warned about certain native tribes lurking in the vicinity, he would guffaw loudly and shout: "Them niggers! Hah! I never saw the nigger yet that could throw a scare into me! The jungle? Baloney! No blasted jungle, an' no bloomin' nigger's goin' to keep me in camp!"

It was two months after the fight in the Kope Inn that a stranger arrived in Capetown. He presented his credentials and was driven to the Chief Magistrate's office.

"Ah," beamed old Hans Hanrikas as the young man was ushered into his presence. "This is indeed a pleasure. Eric Vale—come all the way from America to give us a hand!"

"I hope I can do some good, sir," he said modestly.

"That you can," Hans assured him. "We have a situation here that our native police seem unable to cope with. Slavery! Yes, I know—twentieth century and all that. But nevertheless, slavery is going on, on a large scale, right under our noses. We want it stopped, Mr. Vale."

They talked for twenty minutes, during which time Eric got as com-

plete a picture of the situation as was possible. Who was the head? How was the slaving being accomplished? None of these things could old Hans throw any light on. It was all up to Eric Vale to solve the mystery.

That evening he made the rounds of the various hangouts in Capetown, ending up at the Kope Inn. Luckily, Big Joe was there when he entered. As usual, Joe was drunk and on an altercation with a planter.

"You Dutchie!" he yelled. "are a bunch of cream puffs. All you're good for is hanging on to a place. You let the Frasers take your country. Now you're lettin' a few lizzak niggers copy your farms. Hah! This is what I think of the lot of you!" He tossed a stein of beer in the face of several planters at the bar, then buried the heavy mug. Eric Vale had moved three paces into the room. The mug sailed past his head with scant inches to spare. He ducked. Looked at Big Joe.

"Well, wants make something of it!" shouted Lafferty.

"Only this," said Eric quietly. Nobody saw his fist move. The next moment Big Joe was crashing over a table to come up against the opposite wall of the room. The faces of the onlookers paled. Surely this rash young chap would forfeit his life for swatting Big Joe.

Eric coolly turned his back to the big bully, who was noisily struggling to his feet, wiping blood from the corner of his mouth.



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Big Joe didn't do the expected thing—kill Eric. He walked to the door, turned and said to Eric, "I'll be with you later, bub!" Then he was gone.

Eric said nothing. As he sipped his coffee, several planters edged over to him.

"You've made a bad enemy," one of them warned.

"Who is this Big Joe?" Eric asked. To which they could answer only what they knew—nothing. Eric nodded, and left after a few minutes. Big Joe would bear watching.

Eric got an outfit ready the next day, preparatory to setting forth on safari. He wanted to get some first hand information, if that were possible. There was one old Arab in particular that he wanted to pin down before going farther afield. There was just a chance that Ali Ben Dalmi would know something—

The camp of the Arabs was



forty miles out across the veldt, hidden in a clump of date palms. Eric rode into it at five o'clock in the evening. Several native dogs set up a terrific yapping as he trotted into the compound.

Ali bowed to him and invited him to come in and partake of some vile coffee. Eric was cordial. He talked of everything but the purpose of his visit. Ali, he could see, was a sleek one, and was hiding something. He kept watching the tent flap as if expecting something, or somebody. Then the expected happened. A heavily burrowed head poked into the tent and said something in Arabic. All Eric could see were the eyes. They were not an Arab's eyes. They were—Big Joe's!

So that was it! Eric left the camp without mentioning the subject of slavers. This was evidently

the headquarters of the runners. Old Ali was the kingpin.

Back in Capetown Eric reported his discovery to Hans, the magistrate. The latter was taken by surprise. Then he began putting two and two together. "Yes," he said at last. "Yes, I see it now. Quite possible. It fits in with Big Joe's absences . . . Well, what do you wish, Mr. Vale, in the way of equipment?"

Eric wanted nothing but a tough Arab pony and perhaps two good trackers; plenty of ammunition.

The next day he left the city at dawn. That night he skirted the Arab's camp, but kept a mile off. He was not interested in meeting old Ali tonight. Careful investigation that day had revealed the fact that there would be a big raid at midnight on a distant blacks' village. Eric wanted to be handy when it came off.

He and his trackers approached the camp to within a quarter-mile, then dismounted and went forward on foot. Eric ordered his men to trail him about a hundred yards back.

The palisade fence loomed suddenly ahead and he slowed his pace. The village slept peacefully. Suddenly there was a great shouting and fully fifty white-robed horsemen rode down on the village. Ali's men! Big Joe was easily distinguishable in the lead. He waved a huge scimitar and yelled with the best of the Arabs. They practically rode down the gate and thundered into the compound. Screams rose on the night. Eric shouted to his men but they had evidently become frightened and fled. He fired a shot into the air, then ran toward the gate.

A motley mob of blacks ran out past him and a few shots stabbed the darkness. Several Negroes fell, screaming. Eric waited. Then a line of blacks began emerging from the enclosure, all chained together. Slaves! Big Joe was doing it in a big way. There must have been two hundred in that gang, Eric thought. All prime blacks. They'd bring a good price in the northern markets.

Eric saw Ali and Big Joe gallop past, then came the rest of the Arab pack. In a moment they were gone. One thing he remembered: Big Joe and Ali had been using

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loud language as they rode past. Evidently someone was not satisfied with the cut.

Without his trackers, Eric set out in trail of the slavers. They left an easy track in the soft sand.

It was dawn when he came across a dead horse. There were big boot tracks leading away from it, toward the north. Such sized boots could only be worn by Big Joe. What, then, had happened? Had Ali and Lafferty quarreled? Had Ali shot Big Joe's horse from under him? Possible. And if so, the big ape wouldn't last long in the desert afoot. Yet he had bragged that nothing was his match.

Eric found him two days later. He was lying on a low rise. His eyes were two holes in his skull. The flesh was gone from his face and hands. A black army swarmed over him, traveling from a hole in the sand mound under him. Big Joe had met his match. The jungle mizakrieg—devil ants!

"QUOTE THE RAVEN"
A FAST-MOVING ERIC VALE STORY
In the January Issue of
CRACK COMICS
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SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

A LAW AGAINST CARRYING GUNS HAS BEEN PASSED IN PAPPY'S TOWN.



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Miracle Man of Science

REMOTE CONTROL

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LOOK AT THIS TUG! JASON TERRELL THINKS SOMEONE IS THREATENING HIM. LET'S CALL ON THE OLD FELLOW!



TERRELL! HE'S THE RICH GUY WHOSE ONLY DAUGHTER WENT ON THE STAGE!

AND—ONE HOUR LATER

HERE'S TERRELL'S ESTATE!

TAKES LONG ENOUGH TO GET WAY OUT HERE!

MR. TERRELL? I'M WIZARD WELLS! YOU WROTE TO ME?



YES, YES! SIT DOWN! IT'S ABOUT MY DAUGHTER!

SHE'S BEEN THREATENING TO KILL ME! HEADSTRONG GIRL, BETTY! WENT ON THE STAGE IN SPITE OF ME! DIDN'T THINK SHE'D TRY TO KILL ME THOUGH!



EVERY NIGHT I HEAR HER VOICE THREATENING ME!



WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO, MR. TERRELL!

I'LL TALK TO YOUR DAUGHTER FIRST! YOU WILL HEAR FROM ME LATER! I'LL—



DOWN, TUG!



BANG!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, WELLS?



A BULLET WHINES SAVAGELY

— TEN MINUTES LATER

WHOEVER FIRED THAT SHOT GOT AWAY! GOOD THING I SAW HIS HAND REFLECTED IN THE DOOR! THAT'S AN IDEA!



I'M STILL SHAKIN'!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE THEATRE WHERE BETTY TERRELL STARS IN A MELODRAMA—

TELL MISS TERRELL THAT WIZARD WELLS WANTS TO SEE HER!



SURE, MR. WELLS!

MR. WELLS, THAT'S JUST TOO RIDICULOUS! I FOUGHT WITH DAD ABOUT TAKING THIS PART IN REMOTE CONTROL BUT AS FOR THREATENING TO KILL HIM-THAT'S SILLY!

BUT, MISS TERRELL, HE HEARD YOUR VOICE!

HE DIDN'T HEAR MY VOICE HE COULDN'T, BECAUSE I NEVER THREATENED HIM!

DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO WOULD WANT YOUR FATHER OUT OF THE WAY?

A LOT OF BUSINESS ENEMIES AND MY 3 BROTHERS, JOHN, RALPH AND CHARLES!

WHY YOUR BROTHERS MISS TERRELL?

BECAUSE THEY NEED THE MONEY! WE EACH INHERIT A QUARTER OF DAD'S FORTUNE -

I SEE! BY THE WAY, DID 'RECORD' REID COACH YOU FOR THIS PART?

YES, HE DID! WHY DO YOU ASK?

I MERELY WONDERED!

YOU SEE, YOUR FATHER HAS ASKED ME TO PROTECT HIM. I CAN'T TAKE HIS CASE NOW, BUT I WILL IN 2 DAYS!

THE NEXT MORNING -

THREE GUYS NAME OF TERRELL TO SEE YOU, WIZ?

AH, THE THREE BROTHERS! SEND THEM IN!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER -

BUT, BETTY WILL KILL FATHER! I KNOW IT!

FURTHER TALK IS USELESS, GENTLEMEN!

I WILL NOT TAKE YOUR FATHER'S CASE UNTIL TOMORROW!

THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS ABSURD, RALPH!

ABSURD NOTHING CHARLES! WELLS GETS THE CASE TOMORROW!

WIZ, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THAT CASE NOW? CHARLES IS THE GUY, HE'S SCARED OF YOU!

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO THINK, TUG! AND I'M TAKING THE CASE NOW!

WE'VE HAVE TO WORK **FAST**, TUG! SET THIS **MIKE** UP NEAR THE DOOR. WHILE I CONNECT THE SHORT-WAVE TRANSMITTER. YOU SEE, I WANT THE ATTEMPT TO **KILL TERRELL** TO BE MADE **TONIGHT!**



AND I WANT TO BE **READY** FOR IT! HERE, THIS LOUD-SPEAKER SHOULD DO THE **JOB!**



NOW, BRING THAT PORTABLE TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER, AND GET MY CAR!



STOP AT THE HARDWARE STORE AND PICK UP SOME SUPPLIES I ORDERED!



CAREFUL WITH THAT **BIG ONE!** IT'S A **MIRROR!**



MR. TERRELL, WITH YOUR HELP WE MAY CATCH YOUR POTENTIAL KILLER **TONIGHT!**



TWO HOURS LATER

I GOT IT FIXED UP, WIZ!



WIZ AND TUG RETURN TO THE PARKED CAR TO WAIT. LOOK AND LISTEN----



AND AT MIDNIGHT, WIZ HEARS A KNOCKING AT A DOOR IN HIS RADIO HEADSET--



WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I WANT TO TALK TO YOU





5 MINUTES LATER



RALPH AIMS CAREFULLY AT HIS FATHER, SEATED IN THE LIBRARY, AND FIRES 3 TIMES.





QUIET! HERE HE COMES!



WITH BETTY'S GLOVE AND PURSE NEAR THE BODY, MY SNOOTY SISTER'LL BURN FOR THIS!



I FANCY NOT, JOHN TERRELL!

WELLS!

THE LIGHTS BLAZE ON



MUCH AS I DISLIKE PHYSICAL VIOLENCE!

SOCK HIM AGAIN!



AS RALPH AND JOHN MEET

YOU AND YOUR SCHEMES, JOHN! YOU PLANNED IT!

YOU DID THE SHOOTING!



YOU'LL BOTH GO TO JAIL! TO SAVE YOURSELF A BEATING NOW, JUST TELL WHERE YOUR SISTER IS HIDDEN!

I-TIED IN THE CELLAR!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS BETTY?

YES, AND SO IS FATHER! I'M SO GLAD!



HERE'S THE LOUDSPEAKER, HIDDEN IN YOUR BEDROOM. TUG IS AT THE RECORD PLAYER IN RALPH'S ROOM. LISTEN!

AND YOU WILL DIE IN AGONY!

LATER



BETTY'S VOICE!

MY LINES!

YES! FROM THE RECORDS OF YOUR ROLE MADE FOR YOUR DRAMA COACH!



BUT I HEARD SHOTS!

YES, RALPH FIRED 3 TIMES! I'LL SHOW YOU WHY YOUR FATHER IS STILL ALIVE. COME TO THE LIBRARY.



RALPH'S SHOTS BROKE THAT MIRROR! HE FIRED AT YOUR FATHER'S REFLECTION, WHILE YOUR DAD SAT SAFELY IN THAT ALCOVE!

YOU'RE A SMARTY, ALL RIGHT!



AND YOUR BROTHERS WERE TRICKED INTO THE ATTEMPT WHEN I TALKED WITH THEM VIA RADIO AND MADE THEM THINK I WAS OUT OF THEIR WAY, AT MY LABORATORY.

SO! SOLVED BY REMOTE CONTROL!

RUBE GOLDBERG'S

SIDE SHOW

DORSEY BEHAVIOR BOOK—
DON'T HAVE THE FAMILY SILVER FALLING FROM YOUR SLEEVE AS YOUR HOST SAYS GOODBYE, OR YOU WILL NOT BE INVITED ANYWHERE!



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION
OR HOW TO PROTECT YOUR-
SELF AGAINST A HOLDUP
MAN...

WHEN YOU LIFT YOUR HANDS,
STRING A LOWERS MATCHES
WHICH SETS OFF HARPOON
GUN'S FIRING BOXING
GLOVE TO AT HOLDUP
MAN'S JAW. IF HE IS ALERT
ENOUGH TO DUCK, HE WILL
STICK HIS FACE INTO
ETHER-SOAKED
SPONGE 'E' AND FALL
SENTLY TO THE
SIDEWALK...



LITTLE BUTCH



SCENE IN BARBERSHOP



YOUR BEST GIRL PASS-
ES THE BARBER SHOP
AND DISCOVERS YOUR
SECRET!



GEE, CHEE,
WHAT A
SWELL
RUG!



THAT AIN'T
A RUG—THAT'S
MY
ROOMMATE!



HEY, WE
DIDN'T HAVE
ANY FILM
IN THE
CAMERA!

BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR



THE TOWERING TREE
REACHING STRAIGHT
TO THE CLOUDS,
STIRS THE AWE AND
THE WONDER OF
CURIOUS CROWDS

WHILE HERE IS A
STUMP THAT IS BENT
AND FORLORN—
A BLOT ON THE LAND-
SCAPE,
AN OBJECT OF SCORN

BUT THE TOWERING
TREE THAT WAS
LOVED AND ADORED
NOW IS ONLY
A CHINAMAN'S
IRONING BOARD...

YAH-YAH!
WHILE THE STUMP
THAT WAS THOUGHT
TO BE TERRIBLY CUNNY
NOW'S A WEALTHY AND
FAMOUS VENTRILO-
QUIST'S DUMMY...

THE CLOCK

by
GEORGE
E.
BRENNER

AS THOUGH OUT OF THE PAST, COMES A MONSTER DIRECTED BY GANGLAND'S CZAR, SPREADING FEAR AND DEATH, UNTIL THE CLOCK AND HIS ABLE ASSISTANT, "PUG" BRADY, MATCH WITS AND STRENGTH WITH THIS CREATURE.



A BOAT QUIETLY ENDS THROUGH THE WATERS OF LOWER NEW YORK BAY---



A MUFFLED COMMAND IS GIVEN AND THE BOAT HEADS TOWARD A DESERTED WHARF ----



CUT THE MOTOR, WE'RE DOCKIN'!

MEANWHILE IN THE HIDE-OUT OF SMOOD CADONE, DETHRONED CZAR OF THE UNDERWORLD--

SMOOD OUGHTA BE HERE SOON, FELLAS!

ANYBODY KNOW WHERE HE WENT?



YEAH, HE WENT TO PICK UP SOMETHIN' FROM A BOAT!

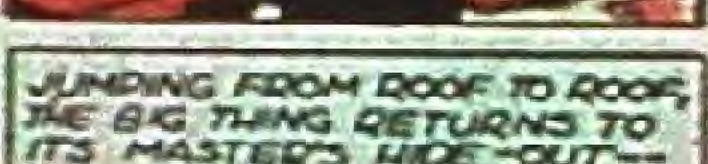


WHAT WAS IT?

I DON'T KNOW, HE SAID HE WASN'T TELLIN' NO ONE TILL HE GOT HERE!







THE
NEXT
DAY

SCALLIO, UNDERWORLD CZAR,
DIES AT HANDS OF MONSTER MAN.
WITNESSES TELL STORY OF CREATURE
VANISHING OVER ROOF TOPS.
ALL TRACE OF MONSTER LOST.
POLICE BELIEVE MONSTER IS CONTROLLED
BY RIVAL GANG.



THE STARTLING
NEWS IS READ BY
BRIAN O'BRIEN,
ALIAS
THE CLOCK,
AND HIS
DOUBLE,
'BUG' BRADY—



AT THE SAME TIME IN
SCALLIO'S PLACE ---



AND THE GANG SPEEDS TO
JOIN THE MONSTER, WHO IS
TRAVELING OVER THE ROOF
TOPS ---



MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK
AND PUG ARE DRIVING
TOWARD HEADQUARTERS -

WHEN FATE BRINGS THEM
PAST THE BANK THAT WAS
ROBBED - - -

IT'S THAT
MONSTER-
STOP!

SHAKE IT UP,
FELLAS, HURRY!

PUG,!!
LOOK!!

WE GOT
TH' DOUGH!

OKAY-
HOME,
STUDDORMAN,
GO HOME!

AT 'EM,
PUG -
FAST!

GET
GONY-
QUICK!

NO YOU
DON'T!

WHO'S BEHIND
THIS STICK-UP?
TALK, OR
I'LL - - -

DON'T - -
IT'S
CARONE!

THE CLOCK SEES A GUN
PROTRUDE FROM THE
ESCAPING CAR -

PUG SWINGS THE CROOK'S BODY
AROUND TO SERVE AS A
HUMAN SHIELD - -

THEY
GOT
LUCK!

I'LL PLUG
HIM - THAT WAY
HE WON'T
TALK!

PUG-DUCK!
THEY'RE
AIMING
YOUR
WAY!

DEAD - AND SOONER
HIM THAN
ME!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE
CLOCK AND PUG ARE OUTSIDE
THE GANG LEADER'S DOOR--



THE DAUNTLESS PUG IS NO
MATCH FOR THE GIANT, AND IS
EASILY RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS-





AND HE BELLOWS WITH RAGE -



THE CLOCK BACKS TO THE
EDGE OF THE ROOF -

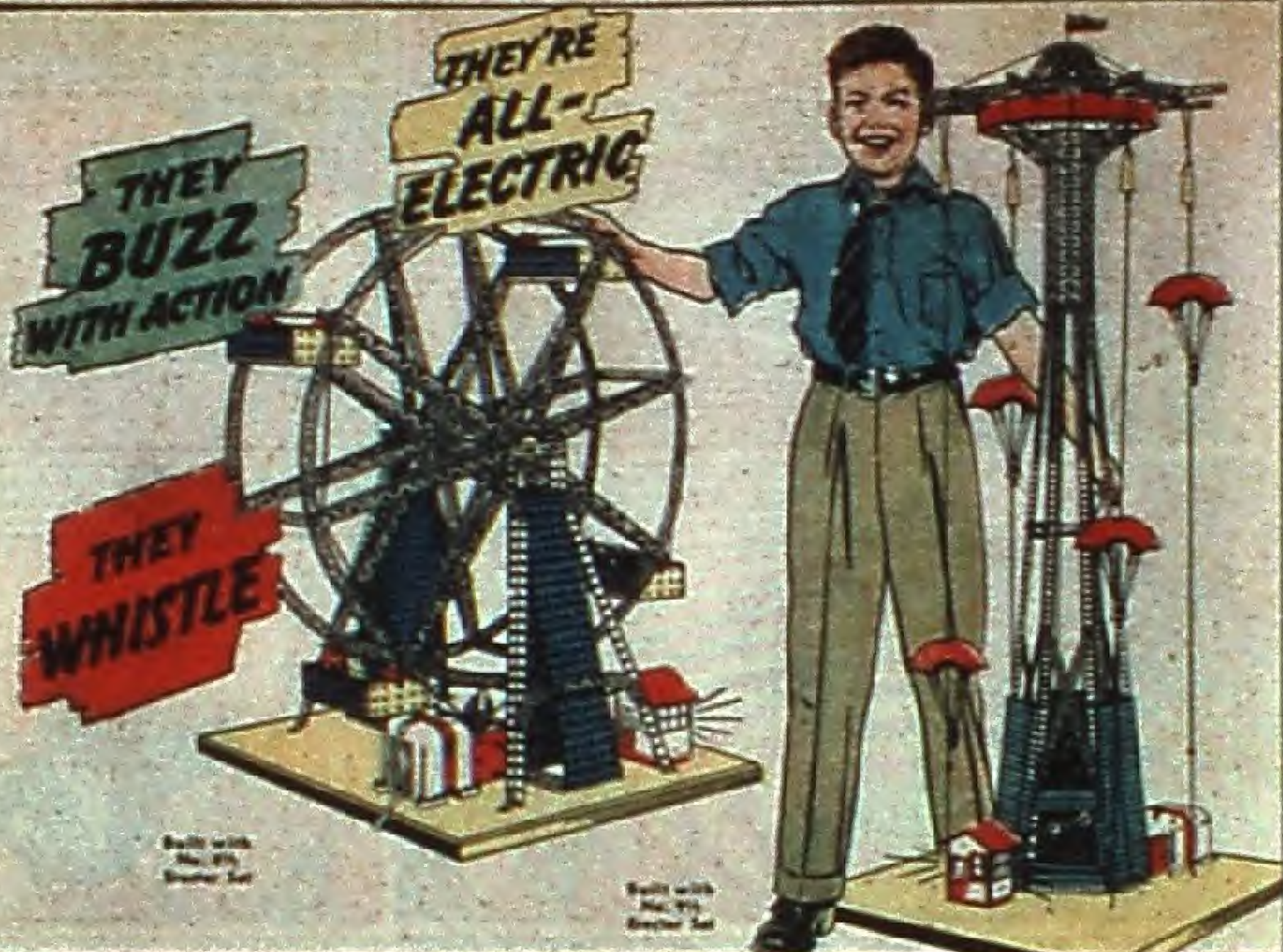


THE CLOCK DUCKS AS THE
BRUTE LUNGES AND FLIES
INTO SPACE -



BREAKING HIGH TENSION WIRES
ON THE WAY DOWN -





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No. 99
Erector Set

Built with
No. 99
Erector Set

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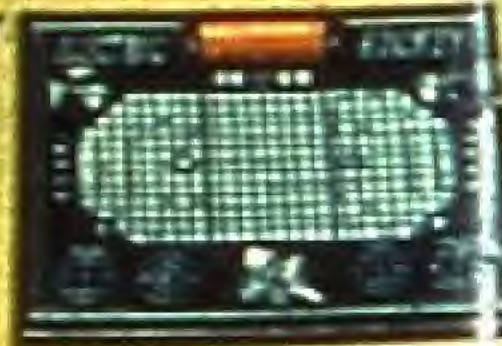


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